Respondent One of 4 (group) respondents in three interview tapes

Project I.D. No. 76

NAME: Otoshi, Jitsuo DATE OF BIRTH: 2/20/1904 PLACE OF BIRTH: Hiroshima
Age: 70 Sex: M Marital Status: ____ Education: ____

PRE-WAR:
Date of arrival in U.S.: 1920 Age: 16 M.S. S Port of entry: ____
Occupation/s: 1. Dairy Worker 2. Sawmill Worker 3. Hotel & Apartment Owner
Place of residence: 1. Seattle, Washington 2. ____ 3. ____
Religious affiliation: ____
Community organizations/activities: ____

EVACUATION:
Name of assembly center: Pinedale Assembly Center
Name of relocation center: Hunt (Minidoka), Idaho
Dispensation of property: Hotels-sold;apartment-Leased Names of bank/s: ____
Jobs held in camp: 1. ____ 2. ____
Jobs held outside of camp: ____
Left camp to go to: Seattle, Washington

POST-WAR:
Date returned to West Coast: Early 1945
Address/es: 1. Seattle, Washington 2. ____
3. ____
Religious affiliation: Christian Church
Activities: 1. ____ 2. ____ 3. ____
If deceased, date, place and age at time of death: ____

Name of interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe Date: 5/21/74 Place: Seattle, Wash.

Translator: Taeko Kumasaka

X NAME: Mr. Jitsuo Otoshi Mr Otoshi is A-O; in Transcript.
AGE: 70
BIRTHDATE: February 20, 1904
BIRTHPLACE: Hiroshima Prefecture
WHEN CAME TO THE U.S.: 1920, 16 years old
MAJOR OCCUPATION: Hotel owner
RELOCATION CAMP: Hunt

NAME: Mr. Shigeru Hidaka
AGE: 70
BIRTHDATE: May 28, 1904
BIRTHPLACE: Iwami, Shimane Prefecture
WHEN CAME TO THE U.S.: 1918, 14 years old
MAJOR OCCUPATION: Restaurant owner
RELOCATION CAMP: None

NAME: Mrs. Kotaka Uomoto
AGE: 77
BIRTHDATE: December 11, 1896
BIRTHPLACE: Iyo, Ehime Prefecture
WHEN CAME TO THE U.S.: 1916, 20 years old
MAJOR OCCUPATION: Hotel owner
RELOCATION CAMP: Hunt

NAME: Mrs. Teiko Tomita
AGE: 78
BIRTHDATE: 1896
BIRTHPLACE: Osaka-fu
WHEN CAME TO THE U.S.: 1921, 25 years old
MAJOR OCCUPATION: Housewife
RELOCATION CAMP: Hunt

Interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe
Interview Date: May 21, 1974
Place of Interview: Seattle, Washington

Translator: Tayeko Hernandez
Typist:

Q: This interview is a main project of Nenkai, that is, Japanese Presbytery. Few books are published yet about Issei, how their lives were, what kind of difficulties they experienced, or what kind of job they have had. Probably this may be the first one. The purpose of this project is to record more precise experiences of Issei, and it is already four years since we started this. This year, we got support from various places, especially from the Central Presbytery. With their support, we could come to this point. I'm going to ask various questions, please answer them frankly if you remember.

*Q0: Is this a religious one?

A: No, not necessarily. You can talk about anything you like. For example, the questions begin from the situation of your home in Japan. Then you came to America, experienced the war, came back from camp, and so on. It might be good to do this interview by discussing your memories to one another.

Q: Please tell me your name first, from you.

*A0: Otoshi, Jitsuo.

Q: What is your home town?

*A0: It is Hiroshima Prefecture.

Q: When were you born?

*A0: I was born on February 20, 1904, so I am 70 years old this year.

Q: When did you come to America?

*AO: I came here in 1920.

Q: So you were 16 years old then?

*AO: Yes, I was 16 years old.

Q: Did you come here alone?

*AO: Yes, I did. My sister was married and living in America, so I went to my brother-in-law's place.

Q: Was it in Seattle?

*AO: No, it wasn't. It was about 20 miles away from there.

Q: Like this, I'm going to ask about yourselves and come back to him again. Next is you please.

**AH: I am from Iwami, Shimane Prefecture, and Shigeru Hidaka is my name. It is written (heavy) for Shigeru. I was born on May 28 in 1904. That is Meiji 37 and the same year that Mr. Otoshi was born.

Q: Oh, then, you'll soon have your birthday. In 10 days or so?

**AH: Now its my turn to be a senior at last!

Q: Seventy years old--It's relatively young for issei.

**AH: To me, it seems like I have still a long way to go.

*AO: We were probably among the last people that were sent for from America.

Q: When did you come to America?

**AH: Returning from the Russo-Japanese War, my father went to America and had lived for 11 years before he came back to Japan to take us to America. During those years, my

mother and I remained at home in Japan. Then I came to Seattle in 1918 with my parents via Victoria, and have been living here almost all the time.

Q: When was it?

**AH: It was 1918 when I was 14. It was just during the World War I.

Q: Why did your father come to Seattle? He moved up here from Southern California, didn't he?

**AH: Before coming here, my father had been in California, Wyoming, Nevada, and New Mexico working as a cook of railroads. He also picked up oranges and cherries in California. I don't know the reason, but by some reason he came up here to Seattle. Since money is the first consideration, and you can't move anywhere without money, he got settled here. Since then, I have been here for nearly 60 years.

Q: How about you?

***AU: I am from Iyo, in Ehime Prefecture of Shikoku.

Q: Just a moment please.

***AU: Rev. Noji told us that you were coming, and I was expecting rather an old pastor.

Q: Is that so?

***AU: We were expecting an older person, so we were really surprised.

*QO: Your family name, Takarabe reminded me of an old shrine,

Takarabe Shrine.

Q: I often stay at some member's house when I attend Nenkai. They look for an issei, thinking that I am an issei. I was often mistaken.

***AU: I was really surprised.

A: Really? But in the true sense, I am an issei.

Q: Please start from your name again.

***AU: My name is Kotaka Uomoto. I am from Yahata-hama (beach), Iyo, in Ehime Prefecture.

Q: When were you born?

***AU: I was born on December 11 in 1896.

Q: So you are 77 years old.

***AU: Yes, I am 77 and half years old.

Q: When did you come here from Japan?

***AU: I came to America in May of Taisho 5 (1916).

Q: You came here as a bride?

***AU: Yes. I was taken from Japan. Then I went to Cincinnati directly. My husband was working as a cook at Mr. Julian's house who was a statesman. By the time we returned there, he had elected as the Secretary of the Treasury. It was a Christian home, and whenever an important thing occured, he invited a pastor to his house to pray for the family and did something after that.

Q: What is your name?

****AT: My name is Teiko Tomita. I'M afraid that I can't pronounce

clearly, because I don't have any teeth. I am now under dental treatment.

A: That's all right. I can understand.

****AT: I was born in Osaka-fu. My husband Tomita was born in Nara and I am used to thinking myself from Nara, since I came to America. Whenever I was asked where I was from, I unconsciously answered that I was a Nara-Ken jin (a person from Nara Prefecture).

Q: Did you also come here as a bride?

****AT: Well, when our marriage was arranged, Tomita was in Yakima, which was a little bit more interior from Seattle. He came back to Japan to take me. We got married in autumn, 1920, and left for America in the spring of 1921 by boat. Then we went to Yakima and worked as farmers for eight years before moving to the suburbs of Seattle.

Q: Before asking, I had better write your names down. Your name is...

*AO: Otoshi. -toshi means useful.

Q: And your name is...

**AH: Shigeru Hidaka.

Q: There is also a man named Hidaka who is a friend of my father and living in Kagoshima. Are there a lot of surname Hidaka where you came from?

**AH: Yes, there are quite a few of them, even if there is no family relationship. A list of the people who graduated

from a school and went abroad was sent to me once. In it, I saw quite a few Hidakas.

Q: What was the most impressive experience you have had in Japan while you were young?

**AH: When I was little, I was very sickly. I was sickly for a while even after coming to this country. My mother said that I had been always suffering from diarrhea and troubled her a lot. When I was nine years old or so, I got pneumonia and had to have a leave of absence from school for one year. I was so pale, and almost dying. At school, pupils said that I had consumption, and did not come close to me. They used to make fun of me and leave me out. This is the most impressive memory I remember now. It was a miserable experience, but I began to lead a religious life because of this. Later, I finally got tuberculosis. From suffering this, I got to know Jesus Christ, and it is my testimony.

Q: How about you?

***AU: One of them is when I went to Minatogawa in Kobe area, which is famous for Masashige Kusunoki (a historically famous and brave samurai). I felt that it was a very nice place, and that impressed me. Another impressive memory is when I went to Osaka, taken by my grandmother to see a plane fly for the first time in Japan. The airplane fell to the ground, but I thought that Osaka was also a nice place. These are my memories that I

was impressed so much by.

Q: How about you, Mrs. Tomita?

****AT: I hardly had a hard time in Japan, so I don't have any particular memory to talk about except one. I remember this clearly although I was very young at that time. My father went to the Russo-Japanese War. I heard that he had been to the Sino-Japanese War, too, before I was born in Meiji 29 (1896). It was in 1904 and 1905 that the war occurred. In Japan, at that time, people were not supposed to cry in public even when their family member went to war, because it was supposed to be an honor to fight for the country as a loyal man of the Emperor. Even so, we used to cry secretly within our home and go to a shrine to do Ohyakudo-mairi, to pray for his coming back safe. All the family members who were able to walk, used to go to the shrine every day by turns. When my father was fighting in Russia, I was only seven years old and just started going to elementary school. When my turn came, I used to go to the shrine to do ohyakudo.

Q: What is ohyakudo?

****AT: Ohyakudo means that we go around a shrine a hundred times alone praying for a thing. We go around the shrine building once first, then we go to pray at the shrine to return our father safe from the war. Then we go around the building again. We repeat this a hundred times.

This is what we call ohyakudo. Therefore, I felt, although I was too little to understand, that a war was an awful thing. I often saw my grandmother and my mother crying in secret. On the contrary, when we sent him to the war with our villagers, we used to hurrah joyously, singing songs and saying that it was a happy event. To my little heart, it seemed very strange, and I wondered which was true at first. After we sent him to the war, I had to do ohyakudo-mairi to pray for his safety. This made me realize that a war was a very sad and awful thing because we didn't know if he could survive or not. I felt strongly the sadness of a war.

Q: What happened to your father?

****AT: He came back safe. How happy I was when he came home! I still remember it. All the people of the village went over to the outskirts of the village to meet him, and indeed this time everybody was happy, drinking, and singing loud. Yes, I keenly realized how awful a war would be, and would never forget the experience. Later, when I got older, I have encountered wars some times, including the World War II, 30 years ago. The bitterness of wars sank into my mind through these so deeply that I keenly think that we should not make a war any more. My father, after coming back from the war, often told me that we had to win the war by all means once we started it. I asked him why. Then he said, "Those who

lost a war could not say anything even if they were treated awfully by those who won. They have to stand all the unreasonable things, while the side that won the war can do anything bad." To think of his words, he was wrong. Although Japan lost the World War II, America didn't do anything so bad, did it? I realized that he was wrong. Even if they won a war, they should not kill or hurt innocent women. I think the Japanese military at that time was wrong.

Q: How about you, Mr. Otoshi?

*AO: When I was in the sixth grade of elementary school, a teacher took us, totally three classes, to the down-town of Hiroshima to show new buildings and novel things such as illumination, since we didn't have an opportunity to see them where we were living. We visited Chinretsukan Museum, which became later the only building remained standing after the atomic bomb was dropped over the city while everything else was burned to ashes. The building was made by reinforced concrete, and the iron frame of a dome of the building remained as it was. Last year, I went to Japan and visited the place, which reminded me of those days when I was young.

Q: Do you have any memory when you were little or going to school?

***AU: There is a memory about the time when I finished schooling. All my cousins entered Jogakko (Women's high school), and

I couldn't because my family was poor. I used to cry whenever I saw my friends going to Jogakko wearing a hakama, which was a symbol of Jogakko students. I wished I could have gone. I was so sad.

Q: How many members were there in your family?

***AU: There were nine. When my father was 47 years old, he became blind because of a cataract. For eight years after this, he had tried everything to recover his sight, going on a pilgrimage to Shikoku or consulting a doctor in Kobe. He lost his sight anyway. We became poorer and poorer after this, so I couldn't have so much schooling, just for four years.

Q: They had seven children, didn't they?

***AU: No, they had six children and a grandmother. I was the third child from the top.

Q: How many boys did they have?

***AU: They had four boys.

Q: Therefore, they had two girls, didn't they?

***AU: Yes.

Q: How many brothers and sisters did you have?

****AT: I had eight brothers and sisters, and I was the second child. The eldest child was a girl, then me, and seven more children under me; a boy, a girl, a boy, a girl, a boy, a girl and a boy. Totally nine children they had, four boys and five girls. Two were killed by a war, and one died from illness. At the time when I went

back to Japan, six years ago, six children including me were still alive. They said it was very rare to find a family where six children were still alive and got together. Two years ago, my direct younger sister died, so at present five children are remaining.

A memory of my school days was a sad one. My mother was a sickly person, maybe that was because she had had nine children, one after another, and her body got weaker. She suffered from every kind of trouble. When she was about to recover from one disease, another one was getting worse. Every part of her body was in trouble, and even a doctor was amazed at her. She was ill all the time. Therefore, I keenly felt that nothing was more precious than health. When I was a student, I lived in a dorm. I usually didn't think of her when I was there, but whenever I was coming home on a vacation, I always hoped to see her in good health. However, she was always pale and taking medicine. Since I was a teenager, I was always thinking that I would have been the happiest girl if only my mother had been healthy. With her health, she survived until after a few years that I got married, and came to America. In those days, they used to get married very young, so she was not at such an age to die. She died before 50 years of age. I still think that being healthy is the most valuable thing for human beings. That was the only worry

for me when I was young.

Q: Is there anything else to talk about when you were a pupil?

**AH: In winter just before I started my schooling, my uncle who was three years older than I, took me to his school to show me literary exercises. I can't forget this. It was before the opening. The room was in pell-mell with the audience and those who were decorating programs. There was a charcoal brazier in the room. It so happened that I was pushed by the crowd into the tall brazier, and my head was in the hot ash. Fortunately the ash was not burning, but it was very, very hot. The whole room was in an uproar, and by the time when I was pulled out of the brazier, my knees and arms were burnt severely. Feeling too hot, I scratched the burns with my hands, not knowing that it was a bad thing to do because of my ignorance. Then the skin got peeled and dangled from my body, which I felt and knew, although I couldn't see. They guessed that I had to have my head treated as soon as possible, otherwise I should be bald-headed. I ran back home crying bitterly, since it was not far away from school. It was an evening already and dusky. Seeing me, my mother almost fainted with the shock, and lost her head. The neighbors recommended that juice of a plant would do very well for a burn, but my mother would never listen to them. She thought that she had to take me to

a doctor to receive proper treatment. She thought that it was her duty to raise me safe and fine for herself while her husband was away in America. She also felt that she had to raise a fine man to hand to her husband when he came back and that it was her fault if I got bald-headed. The San-in district where I was born, was cold, as you know. It was also snowing at that night. She covered me with a cloth completely, and took me all the way to a doctor. The doctor was an old and hot-tempered man. He made his wife boil phenol hurridly after deciding to wash my head with it. He held me down and began to scrape the skin of my head roughly with gauze soaked in hot phenol. The pain was so strong that I struggled very hard to escape from him, throwing his tools. Finally I was pinned down by three people. He scraped the skin completely grinding his teeth, and bandaged my head firmly. Every day for 45 days, she had taken me to the doctor, because he had to wash my head every day to prevent the pores of the skin from being crushed and shut. She covered my head completely with a hood to protect my head from the wind, and carried me, who was seven years old, every day for 45 days. Isn't that something? Then the New Year's Day came. Living in a rural village, we used to celebrate it, gathering and having gochiso (a big dinner) together. They served mochi (rice cake), and I liked mochi very

much, but the mochi served to me didn't stretch long enough as it should have, and snapped off when I stretched it. I looked at the other's mochi, but theirs did not snap off and stretched very long, making a thin string. "What's wrong with my mochi?", I complained. My mother told me later that she had cried hearing this. The reason was that it was bad for my skin of my head to eat very starchy mochi or oily fish like sardines. With her great care, my head recovered completely like this. I really thank her, and that impressed her very much.

My mother used to tell me persistently, "Your father is in America now, and I have to raise you for myself having a hard time"; "Tell me if you want anything, I'll get it by all means", "You must not do bad things", "You must never rob anything of others", "Study hard". Therefore, on the first day of elementary school, when our teacher asked us to write something on the blackboard, I was the only one that could write letters. I wrote my name in katakana (the square form of kana--Japanese syllabary), and was praised by the teacher. There was nobody else that was able to write letters. In this way, I began to like school, and finished my schooling until junior high, elected as a class leader every year. When I was in the fifth grade, my mother suffered from purpura, and was almost dying. Her hair fell off completely.

We even asked a priest to do leave-taking ceremony. Worried, I didn't study at all, and because of that, my school grades suddenly dropped tremendously. Anyway, with her encouraging me, I graduated the junior high school safely. Though I was not so sharp, teachers appreciated my gentle personality. Well, this may sound like a boastful account of my own experiences, but this is what I experienced.

****AT: Yes, that's right. Mr. Hidaka and Otoshi are very precious persons in our church now.

Q: Mr. Otoshi, do you have anything else to talk about?

*AO: Well, I just remember that I was a naughty boy when I was a pupil.

Q: What did you do?

*AO: Well, I was not talkative at all. I knew that I could not win a quarrel, so I always struck the first blow. I was called a scuffler.

Q: Were you strong?

*AO: Although I was small, I was good at fights. When I was a pupil of elementary school, I was very good at Judo and gymnastics.

Q: Before coming to America, what did you think about this country?

***AU: When I was getting married, I saw a movie about America in Japan. In the movie, I saw a 45 story building, and was greatly amazed at that. I wished to see that tall

building once before I died.

Q: That was the image of America that you thought about in Japan, wasn't it?

***AU: Yes. Then I came to this country and saw electric lights in a row along a sidewalk. "What a great country it is!" was my first impression about America. I wondered about what was waiting for me in such a country. I was very excited.

Q: Mr. Hidaka? What was your image of America when you were still in Japan?

**AH: When I was in Japan, my father used to send me some picture post-cards. Through the cards I knew that America was a fine country, being rich in materials. There was no other source to get information about America at that time. However, there was one time that a woman acrobatic pilot named Stinson came to Japan from America. Do you remember?

***AU: Yes, but what was her name?

**AH: Stinson, I guess.

*AO: There came another pilot named Art Smith, a man, I remember.

**AH: Through these informations, I strongly felt that America was an economically rich country.

****AT: I would like to mention something. I came to this country but I didn't long for America. In those days in Japan, the words "Civilized America" were very popular. Whenever

we heard the word "America", we immediately thought of a civilized country. Although I didn't yearn to come to America, I came to get married with Tomita and come to this country. Tomita and my family happened to be very, very distant relatives, and we were arranged for marriage by an acquaintance. He came back to Japan from America to get me. On the way to this country, by boat, he told me that I had to have a hard time in America. I asked him, "What kind of hard time would it be? Please tell me concretely." Then he looked confused and said, "You'll see when you get there. That's better than explaining it. Feel it there." To think about hard times, I had hardly had a hard time in Japan. All the hard times were when my mother was ill and when my father was gone to the war. So I hadn't had a true hardship. What an easy school life I had! I was even scolded by my father by saying that he had better sell a piece of rice field when we needed more money. Because they were not wealthy, my parents were always having a hard time financially, having me a boarder of a women's school, sending my younger brother to a senior high school, and also sending the rest to school. When I sensed that they were talking about their financially difficult situation, I used to say, "Don't worry about money. If you don't have enough, you can sell a piece of rice field, and the money runs short again, you can sell

another one". I was always scolded by them for saying such things. Entering the school, I led an easy school life without a worry of money situation. Then Tomita told me on the way to America that he could not explain how hard our life would be and that I should've felt the difficulties over here. He was right. As soon as I got to America, I was put in a room of the Immigration office and cried for two nights or so. Only I was put in, and my husband wasn't, since it was the second time for him to come to this country. Anyway, I got out of it without any problem. Then at a hotel, we were robbed of all our possessions; some money, some pass-books, and everything. Is there still the Pacific Hotel? That was the hotel where we were staying.

Q: What did they do in the Immigration office?

***AU: Thinking that I came to "Civilized America", I was excited. On the contrary, I was put in a room and served dry, half-cooked rice and only one kind of food. I couldn't eat it and tears fell fast. We were not informed when we could go out, and had physical examinations, such as eye and duodenum. Tomita was waiting for me at the hotel while I was there crying and not knowing when I was allowed to get out. Fortunately I stayed there only a few days. I was too miserable to eat. I thought, "Oh, this must be the beginning of hardships I'm going to have." Then we were robbed of everything, including the money

to go to Yakima.

Q: Oh, them both of you were robbed.

****AT: Yes, of course. We had put our money together. "Tomorrow, it will already start March. Let's put our money in order since we are leaving for Yakima soon", we talked and gathered everything including money in one place, making clanking noises of coins. It was the end of February. I think that somebody listened to us at that night. Next morning, everything was gone, and the door was wide open. I found that a pair of pants of Tomita's got longer. I realized that something had happened in the room. The bag that we had put all our money in after counting, was gone. Our pass-books were also stolen. We reported the theft to the police anyway, but we decided to go to Yakima, where he had been farming, as soon as possible, because we were afraid to stay in such an awful place any longer. We borrowed some money from Mr. Shimanaka, our friend, were treated to a meal, borrowed railway fares, and came to Yakima. Really, I have encountered such unimaginable and terrible happenings. Moreover, the place we went to was terrible without any electric facilities. Of course it was natural because this was 53 years ago. We didn't have electric lights. The house we lived in was a small shack, and sandy dust came into our bedroom when it was windy.

The closest house was five miles apart from ours, therefore, I didn't have a chance to get a friend. The workers were white people and some others. I didn't cry, not because I wanted to go back to Japan, for I was prepared for coming to this country. Sometimes I received a letter from my father or mother. Thinking about their words in the letters while working on the farm weeding, I cried so hard. To show the wife's help (Naijo-no-koh), I began to work on the farm weeding as soon as I got to the place, which I hadn't done in Japan, and worked very hard. I didn't mind working because I was young enough, or I didn't cry, not because of the letter I had received from my father the night before. In his letter, he said, "Civilized America", where are you now? Take care of yourself and serve your husband faithfully, whatever difficulties happen". Receiving such a letter, how could I write to him an honest letter about what happened to me; robbed of everything as soon as I got to America, or some other things. Oh, I cried and cried in the field weeding, remembering of his letter. I was a cry-baby since my high school days, and used to cry a lot in the dorm, wishing to go home, though I entered it proudly. The tears I have experienced here were more serious than that of in Japan. Although I cried secretly in a large field, Tomita saw me crying, and consoled me, saying,

"You hadn't expected to come over such a distant place where no neighbors live." "No, not that! My father, although very strict in Japan, wrote me most kind letters, and that made me cry." I didn't cry not because the place was desolate, the work was hard, nor the life I was leading was nearly primitive, though I was shocked to know these at first. To get to know that my father, whom I thought strict, sent me such a kind letter made me cry and cry. Anyway, I had stayed here for 48 years before coming back to Japan six years ago for the first time.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, how did you feel when you came to America? Did you have any difficulties then?

***AU: No. In my village in Japan, there were quite a few people who had been to America before, therefore, I had a general idea about this country, by their information. The hardships I had was that I got homesick in Cincinnati and wanted to eat Japanese rice, and that's all.

Q: Did you go out to work?

***AU: Well, my husband was a cook and I was a nurse of the dog of Mrs. Julian. Feeding him, taking him out for a walk, and giving him some pills were my work. "I came here all the way to America to take care of a dog! This is ridiculous! Here, I don't have a chance to know even the price of rice! I shouldn't be here. I would like to go to Seattle", I said to my husband. "But they pay us a lot here", he said. "But I don't want to be a

nurse of a dog". And we moved to Seattle.

Q: Well, did you know about America well?

*AO: My elder brothers were in America, one in Hawaii and the other one in the main land, and were sending their earning money to Japan. So, I had an impression that America was the country where we could earn a lot of money. I also felt that it was good that one dollar in America could make two dollars at exchange in Japan. Seeing the pictures of my brother's, sent home from America where they wore nice clothes with a colorful necktie, I imagined that they worked in those clothes. That's all I knew about America.

Q: What did you do when you came to this country?

*AO: My brother-in-law was running a cowhouse in America.

Q: What kind of thing is it?

*AO: They kept cows and sold the milk. It was in the country and I stayed there for four or five years. Then I worked for a sawmill. There were two kinds of work; to deal with unseasoned wood, and to deal with dry wood which is called prenamil, dried in a cave. It was the prenamil where I worked.

Q: Havn't you had any dangerous experiences there?

*AO: I cut my thumb by a machine by accident. Then I quit the sawmill, went downtown, and started a hotel business.

Q: When did you start working in the morning at the sawmill?

*AO: I was starting work at eight o'clock in the morning and

worked for eight hours a day. I had one one hour break, and the work was over at 5:00 p.m. When they had a lot of work, I used to work overtime from 6:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.

Q: How did the accident happen?

*AO: The machine I was using was for woodwork, and the wood, which was usually a very long one, was processed very slowly and took time until the end of it held by my hand got to the working section of the machine. I was wearing gloves. Having enough time, I was checking something under the machine with my hand on the edge of the wood. I thought the edge had not yet gotten close to a cogwheel of the machine, but I was caught by a tip of my glove by the cogwheel. Fortunately, the power of the machine wasn't strong, and the machine stopped itself. When a neighbor worker cranked back the machine, my finger was crushed completely. I went to a doctor at once. Some suggested not to have it cut even the doctor would recommend so, since the shape of the thumb would remain. My elder brother was also injured on his arm. He could have saved his life if he had had it cut off from the shoulder. Instead, he had his arm cut off from the elbow, but bacilli had already gone further from it. By the time when he had his arm cut off from the shoulder, the bacilli had already entered deep inside his body and it was too late. He died from this.

Knowing this, from his case, I thought it was silly of me to lose my life in order to save one finger. Since the doctor recommended to cut it off, I accepted his opinion.

Q: Were there a lot of people injured?

*AO: Yes, there were quite a few of them. Only one month after I got injured, a man working on the same machine as I did also got injured seriously. He had his arm planed, and had it cut off from the shoulder. Another person was injured the same way as I was--caught by his glove. Working on a very powerful machine, he had his arm cut off completely by the machine. Realizing this job dangerous, I quit it.

Q: It was around 1920 that you came to America, wasn't it?

**AH: I came here in 1918.

*AO: It was 1920.

****AT: 1921 was the year.

***AU: It was Taisho 5 (1916)

Q: That is...?

*AO: Since Meiji 45 was also Taisho 1,...

Q: How old were you in that year, Mrs. Uomoto?

***AU: I was 20 years old.

Q: When were you born?

***AU: I was born in 1896.

Q: Therefore, it was in 1916 that you came to America.

Q: At that time, quite a few picture-brides came to this country, didn't they? How did you get married, and when?

*AO: When I visited Japan in 1929, I got married with a woman who was born in America.

Q: Was she, then, a Nisei?

*AO: Yes, in that sense, she was. But she went back to Japan when she was two years old, and grew up mostly in Japan. She was still domiciled in America then, so...

Q: Mr. Hidaka, how did you find your wife?

**AH: When I was 32 years old, that is in 1936, I met a woman born in Seattle who had just come back to America from Japan where she went back at the age of two. Rev. Kawamochi acted as matchmaker of our marriage. When he transferred from Seattle to San Francisco, he took this girl, who is now my wife, with him since he liked her. He used to tell her that he was going to find her husband for her. I guess he was thinking of me as her husband. Anyway, our marriage was arranged and he brought her to Seattle, married us, and then took her to San Francisco with him again. I followed her part of the way.

Q: Is that so? This happens sometimes, doesn't it? Although you were young at that time, you saw a lot of picture-brides, didn't you?

****AT: Yes. I'm not sure if I was a picture-bride, since my husband-to-be came to Japan to take me here. He often

told me that the year was the last year of picture-brides.

Q: Was that in 1924?

****AT: No. He came back to Japan in the fall of 1920, and we came here in 1921. Thereafter, it was prohibited.

Q: For picture-brides, it was good if their husband-to-be came to Japan to take them...
How about in your case, Mrs. Uomoto?

***AU: He came back to Japan to find his bride, and happened to meet me.

Q: How did he know you? Were you relatives or so?

***AU: A relative recommended me, saying, "There is a girl who looks healthy and very tall. How do you think of her? Although it seems that she hasn't studied so much..." "All right, even so..." was his answer. That's it.

Q: Over there in Japan, picture-brides couldn't say "Yes" or "No", could they. It often happened that they found out, arriving here, that the person was much older or completely a different person from the picture sent to her.

****AT: I've heard such stories a lot. Sent a picture of a handsome man, expecting that person as her husband, she found out a different person meeting her when she got to America. I heard that quite a few troubles happened. Some brides went back to Japan again, saying he didn't come the same as the picture she had received.

Q: What kind of story do you remember?

**AH: They tended to hide their weak points and tell only good things about themselves, I guess, in those days. For example, a man working on railroads might have said that he was working for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company or so. She might have thought that he was the President or something.

*AO: When I was working in a farm, I was sometimes splashed feces on by the cow I was milking, but I didn't send such a picture of me. I sent the picture of myself wearing my Sunday dress with a colorful tie. Naturally it happened to be different from the reality.

**AH: Or, some asked a photographer to retouch their picture.

***AU: There was a lady named Amano who came to America by the same boat as mine. Looking into the picture of her husband to-be, I said, "Amano, isn't the person over there your husband?" pointing at him. A little later, she began to cry. "What's the matter with you?", I asked. He was the same person, and his face and physique seemed to be the same to me. Saying, "He looks so much different from what I expected", she cried and cried. She told me that she had to go with him anyway. When I met her 20 years ago, they were doing very fine, having three children. "How's your life?" I asked. She answered, "I'm happy since my husband turned out to be a better man than what

I thought." They were getting along well, although he is 14 to 15 years older than she. Anyway, I cried for her at the port, because I couldn't do anything for her, feeling very sorry.

Q: Those who came to America in earlier days were usually left in Japan when they were very young. Maybe as naughty boys.

***AU: They were usually older than their wives by 13 years or so, but most of the marriages were successful. As far as I know, I seldom see an unsuccessful marriage.

****AT: Besides, it was not easy for them to run away indiscreetly back to their parents.

***AU: How would you like this story? About 10 men came to this country from our village within one year. Asked, "Before coming back to Japan, how much money are you going to earn over there?" Some answered, "After I earn a million dollars, I would come back," "Yes, me too!" "I would come back after I earned five hundred dollars." The rest of them said that they would come back to Japan after earning $10,000, with a trunk and a gold-chained watch. The person who answered "a million dollars" was Mr. Nishimura.

****AT: Oh, then, he almost made it!

***AU: There was another man who also said "a million dollars"--Mr. Tamura. He raised pigs in California. When he earned almost half a million dollars, his pigs had small-

pox and were all killed. He could not accomplish his promise, but was almost making it. The man who answered "five hundred dollars", earned that money and went back to Japan. He is now doing very fine, renting houses, and owning an orange orchard. Those who answered "$10,000" were our husbands, and they proved to be hopeless. I keenly realized how important and influential the idea would be for a young man to his future life, because he concentrates everything to his idea. This man, Mr. Nishimura, was a member of our church. He was quite a man, wasn't he.

**AH: He was awarded "Konji-Hosho" (Navy-blue Award: An award presented by Japanese Government for one's fine deeds) before he deceased. He donated $30,000 to Japan.

***AU: He also founded a scholarship. Anyway, among the ten men from our village, two men promised to earn a million dollars, one man 500 dollars, and the rest 10,000 dollars. Most of the people of "10,000-dollar group" didn't succeed.

Q: How about you? Have you often heard about picture-brides?

*AO: I heard about this, but I didn't listen precisely.

**AH: I once worked on railroads in a rural place. Some people liked to talk funny things, consequently we came to the topic of picture-brides. A man living in Oak Harbor married with a picture-bride. Looking at her picture,

he wasn't impressed so much. Thus, he wasn't expecting so much from her. On the contrary, meeting her, he told us that she was more than what he had expected, and he was so glad for this.

Q: How long have you worked on railroads?

**AH: I came to America, and soon after that, I became a school boy and lived in a college dormitory, where 19 white girls were living, since the most important thing for me was to get used to English. There I stayed for one year, moved into a white family, and stayed there for two years. Then I came back to the dorm again to work, because a cook, a Japanese, persistently asked me to come over to help him. At that time, I decided to become an artist. I thought I was able to paint good pictures, so I supposed I would be able to earn my living as an artist. That was my dream. When I graduated from 8-year grammer school, I became a worker by ignoring the chance to go to high school. I guess my father was silly at that time. He said to me, "Since we came here to earn money, we will go back to Japan after we earned enough. Even if you studied in America, it would be useless in Japan. It will do if you study for being a dentist or some good work. You would never be able to earn your living if you became a poor painter. It is much better for you to work and earn money here, since we will go

back to Japan sooner or later." To think of this, I feel sorry for what I did--missing the chance of studying. Obeying his advice, I went to rural areas to work on railroads at the age of 19. I worked on a railroad in Oregon for three years, then I came down here to work for the Main Line Railroad, after that I worked for a sawmill. Then I went back to Oregon. Thus, I ran all around Washington carrying my belongings. This was my youth--until I was 25 or 26 years old. Next, I began to work at a restaurant downtown where my father was working as a cook. In 1931, of depression time, both of us were discharged on the same day. Around two o'clock on that day, he was told to lay off because of the depression. I thought I could continue to work, but I was also told to lay off at night. We knew that it was impossible for us to find a new job at that time, and a brother and a sister were born here, so we had to feed them, too. We borrowed some money to buy a restaurant whose owner, a Japanese, was selling it, and began to run the restaurant.

Q: Was it in Seattle?

**AH: Yes, in a China Town in Seattle. We sold food very cheap, as Mrs. Uomoto knows. In those days, prices were very low. Like hot-cakes, we served three pieces of hotcakes which were too big to fit a plate, mashed potatoes, two slices of butter, coffee, apple sauce, and abundant syrup.

Only ten cents for this. We sold stew for ten or fifteen cents, pork chops for twenty-five cents, rib steak for twenty-five cents, and a turkey dinner for seventy to seventy-five cents. We sold everything at very low prices, and didn't make a profit. Without a holiday, I used to work for twelve hours to eighteen hours from morning to night. My parents used to leave the house around three o'clock in the morning, get prepared, and open the restaurant around five thirty in the morning. They came home around ten o'clock at night. No Sundays, no holidays for us. I used to go there around eight o'clock in the morning. It was almost three o'clock in the morning that I came home after I closed the restaurant and mopped the floor. We did this business from 1931 until the outbreak of the war. We didn't save money at all, we just survived. It was a ridiculous story. The competition in this business was very keen. There were quite a few restaurants downtown. I used to go to the places to check how popular they were, or for how much they were selling a certain dish. At some restaurants downtown, a bowl of stew was sold at five cents. As years passed, I had a hemorrhage of the lungs and caught T.B., so I quit working, while my parents kept running the restaurant until 1941 when the war broke out. My life was that of a struggle. Maybe I was too stupid.

If you were wise enough to manage the situation, you could make a big profit. I was so honest that I was satisfied with myself by satisfying customers by serving a big dinner in order not to make them complain. I used to eat my meals on the fly, standing.

Q: Didn't you have time to enjoy yourself? Such as hobbies?

**AH: No, I didn't.

Q: Oh, poor man!

****AT: We were too busy and desperate. We had to grow up children, and send them to school. We couldn't afford such enjoyable things.

**AH: It was right after our baby was born that I coughed up blood.

Q: Was it in 1937?

**AH: No, it was in 1938. I had a very hard time then.

Q: What did you do then?

**AH: In 1938, I had such a big hemorrhage of the lungs that I felt that the final moment had come to me. Around four o'clock in the morning, I felt a funny itchy feeling around here, so I got up and something suddenly came up into my mouth. I went to a sink and threw it in--it was filled with red blood. I felt a presentiment, I had never felt or been so depressed in my life. The blood came up from the lungs again and again and colored the sink red. Even if I ran the water, again the blood came

up. Living in a hotel, I went to a bathroom there. Again the blood came up. In those days, T.B. was a dangerous disease, and people avoided the person of this disease. I still had a brother and sister unmarried. It was just hell for me. Being afraid that she might be worried, I didn't tell my wife then. This happened about one year after our baby was born. Sorry to say, I hid this from her, and wondered what to do. Without telling her anything, I left home and went to my parent's restaurant. When I was going to eat rice, pretending nothing happened, the blood again came up to my throat, so I had to tell them the truth. They told me to go to see Dr. Kato. Checking my body, he said, "This is no big deal. Only catarrh of the lungs." Hearing the word "catarrh of the lungs", I felt like the disease I had was not so serious. If I had been told the word "tuberculosis", I would have felt my disease serious. I thought it wasn't hopeless, and returned home with bitter medicine. Well, it was not easy to handle this situation. I had to tell my wife about this, and I did. When I came back home from the restaurant on that day, I sensed something wrong since things were gone and I didn't see the baby. I found out my wife was gone. To tell the truth, hearing me, she was so depressed and shocked, that she went back to her parent's place with the baby

and a suitcase.

***AU: It was a wise thing for her to have done.

**AH: When she was in Japan, her uncle also had a hemorrhage of the lungs and caught T.B.. Taking care of her husband, her aunt died earlier than him--my wife's uncle--having a hemorrhage. Seeing this, she felt nothing was more dangerous than T.B.. Being afraid of the baby catching this disease, she went back to her parent's home in order to keep the baby away from me for a while. Discovering that she was gone, I felt miserable. Living in a hotel, I didn't have a place to cook, so I had to go to our restaurant to eat, but I couldn't do that physically. I had to lie quietly and wasn't allowed to move, because any action could cause a hemorrhage of the lungs. The doctor also told me to eat a lot in order to develop my physical strength, so I had to eat. Since my parents were busy working at the restaurant, they couldn't bring a meal to me, who was so sick. What a bad time for her to go back to her parent's house. For what reason was she married to me, who was suffering and needed her? I blamed her very much. On that night, in spite of suffering from the sickness, I went up a slope to Walders where my wife went back, which was quite far away, in order to roar at her. Tears flowed out of my eyes. How irritated I was! Coming to the front of her house,

I tried to enter, but I couldn't, because I also had a weak point about this matter. How could I answer if I was told that I was merely hiding the fact of my suffering of T.B.. Her father was especially a strict man, so I was afraid to come in the house. I passed the house and went up to the top of the slope. There, I thought for a while what to do. I decided to enter the house and thunder at her on the way back, but I couldn't do that this time, either. Evening came, and tears fell out of my eyes. I came back depressed and slept alone on that night. The next day, Mrs. Uomoto, hearing the news that I was sick, visited me and sympathized with me very much. Her prayer was so ardent that I can never forget.

***AU: Since my husband was also suffering from T.B., I could imagine his suffering.

**AH: Then I got some helpers. A lady called McArrow, who was working at a Baptist Women's Home and helping sick people like me, suggested me to stay in the Home since it had a porch. In those days, sick people used to take care of themselves outdoors in a porch, since it was thought that fresh air was good for their illness. She suggested that it would be good for me to sleep on the porch while my wife and child slept inside the room. But, I thought that it would be unbearable for them that they had to use the same kitchen as I, a T.B. patient, would use.

I thought I should refrain from accepting the proposal, and didn't go to the Home. After a while, my wife came back to me dejectedly, but I had some trouble with my wife's father. He got very mad at me, telling me that he would get her back from me. He said, "It is said that T.B. has a 3-year latent period. In spite of this fact, you married with my daughter, hiding your illness. Such an unpardonable man!" He got so angry at me that we had some trouble then.

***AU: Although I seldom visited him in a hospital, every time I saw him, I found him a finer person than the last time. "He became a finer gentleman than before," I told my husband. "Oh, then he will be all right!" he answered. Those who followed a process like him always got well.

**AH: Gaining weight is a good sign.

***AU: Yes, I guess so. Anyway, you looked very calm and composed there.

**AH: T.B. patients have some fever around 4:00 p.m. every day, so they tend to lose their appetite. Consequently they usually lose weight gradually. In my case, I gained nine pounds every month for six months since I entered the hospital.

***AU: That's not the only reason you looked finer. You painted pictures or did something. I think you developed your personality and became a man of character.

Q: Did you paint pictures?

**AH: Yes, There was a quarterly magazine named "PEP". As an art editor of it, I made the design of the cover with linoleum cut in black for one year.

Q: Did you enter the hospital?

**AH: I started working in a hotel after I had the first hemorrhage of the lungs in 1938. In the very middle of the Pearl Harbor Battle in 1941, I had a return of T.B., which I thought I had recovered from, and had a heavy hemorrhage of the lungs again. I broke down finally. It was just the time when World War II broke out and people used to pull blinds down and turn out lights that I was taking care of myself at home. People were afraid to hear the rumor that Japanese submarines were at the coast. Finally I decided to enter a T.B. hospital recommended by my acquaintance. Although I was admitted to the hospital, the anti-Japanese mood was very strong. There were about 70 Japanese patients in the hospital, but there were some people in the Social Welfare Department who were strongly insisting that the Japanese patients didn't have to be taken care of any more by using public money because Japan was doing bad things, attacking Pearl Harbor, Singapore, Manila, and China. Therefore, when I went to a city clinic the day before I entered the hospital, the administrator of the T.B. hospital asked me, "What do you

think about the war? How do you feel as a Japanese?" "It's a sad thing and my heart is full." "Did you see the head-lines of newspapers?" "Yes, I did." "Every day, Japanese soldiers are doing terrible things. Despite this, you say you are going to the T.B. hospital in Freeland. There are quite a few people who are opposed to you entering the hospital. Of course, it is questionable why we have to help Japanese--the enemy of America." "But, doctor, I am not responsible for that war", I said. Then he said, "Yes, I know that. Being an administrator, I'll let you go there. From a humanitarian point of view, we have to take care of you, giving medecine, and make you recover from the illness by all means. So, go to the hospital. Don't care about anything people say to you, be calm and try not to answer back, only saying "Yes","Yes". Isn't that enough for you to get well? Go ahead." I stayed there for four years and came back at the same time that the war ended. Thinking of these experiences, I thought them God's trials and that He saved me. This was the motivation of my believing in God, otherwise I was never the person who would enter a religious life.

****AT: I am second to none that has experienced real poverty. I have led my life of fifty years here, being poor in material, and experienced in my life that I cannot forget

yet. This happened about forty years ago. I suddenly lost my daughter of two and five months old. She was missing. We had lived in Yakima which I mentioned before for eight to nine years. Then we moved here in the suburbs to start a nursery business. It was the time of 1929,1930 and 1931--in which was the bottom of depression. The money we had saved in Yakima was already gone long time ago. We didn't have any savings, and were in the depth of poverty. I worked. I had to. Taking care of my children, I worked whenever it wasn't raining. I can't forget the very day. It was on the thirteenth of December, forty years ago. Although I was restless with Christmas coming soon, I was on a farm to weed since it was a fine day. We had a warm winter that year. I was thinking that I had to go back home soon to prepare for lunch since it was almost noon. I was very far away from my house and couldn't even see it from where I was, since the farm was rather large. My elder two children were at school. The younger girls, one was five, and the other two years and five months old were playing on the farm and around the house. I said to them, "Mama is going home soon to cook, so you both go back home now", and they left. When I came back home to cook, I found the five-year-old girl reading a picture book at home. I asked her, "What happened to Yaye-chan?" "She

was playing and singing in the garage." I looked for her all over the place--the farm, and every corner, but I couldn't find her. It was like a mystery. Far from cooking lunch! At once, neighbors and the whole village was in an uproar. Nobody would have helped me look for her in co-operation like that even if I lost a million dollars. Her missing ended up with mystery. People from all directions cooperated with me. I even put it in a newspaper, but I didn't get any response at all. In this country, we cannot do anything to a person who is suspicious if we don't have proof. I could think of a person who was suspicious, and my friend also mentioned him as a suspect, but I couldn't say anything about him since I didn't have any evidence.

Q: Suspicious? Does it mean that something was stolen?

****AT: No. If we had been rich, they would have kidnapped our child to get money. But, we were in the depth of poverty. We moved to a small house just like a barn. We were to build our house when we earned money. You could see at one glance that we were very poor, living in a falling-down house. It was clear that the person didn't kidnap for money. The only suspicious person I could think of was a baker who delivered bread every day. He came over that day, too, when I'd just started looking for her. Some neighbors had already come to my house. I told

him that my youngest girl was missing and that I couldn't find her anywhere. He just said, "Is that so?", and soon left. He always drove to this direction, but on that day, he went back. At that moment, I didn't notice it strange. Later, I mentioned this to the neighbors, then they said that she might be run over, being such a little girl. I told the police about this, but they didn't listen to me because I didn't have proof. Everybody said, "The baker might have run over and hurt her. He might have hid her in his car to conceal his sin. Coming to your house, he found out that everybody was already looking for her, so he got scared and drove away to bury her body somewhere". Of course it is a guess. Although she was little, she was a docile child. She used to play alone singing when I was busy working on the farm. On the contrary, she was too young to realize danger and ran out to a road to walk alone. This is the only possibility I could think of. But, this suspicion ended in smoke. If the thing I lost had been a million dollars, they would have given up looking for it soon, but since it was a child, the people in the village devoted themselves entirely to finding her despite that it was the busiest time in the year--the end of the year. But, she was not found. At that time, the minister of this Presbyterian Church was the late Rev. Kawamorita. He at once

visited me and helped me a lot. His wife also visited me. But, there was no way left for us to try. I thought, "In Japan, police would never leave this affair unsettled. What is all this about! In this civilized America! I couldn't do anything, and the incident was remained as it was. One year later, Rev. Kawamorita gave a funeral at the former church, but we didn't have her remains nor anything at all. Of course, no grave. This didn't satisfy us. A few years ago, a boy of Mr. Mukai died. His body was found in a mountain after some weeks. Although I didn't express myself, I felt envious. My girl's case still remains open, a mystery, nobody, neither police nor pastor, can do anything to this matter. This story is going to be too long if I start telling it, so I will stop here. Anyway, I was saved by the teachers, the pastor, the friends of this church. Before that, I hadn't had any religious faith. Living eleven miles south from here, I hadn't come to this church. I didn't know a thing about Christianity. Of course in Japan, I had visited shrines and prayed to gods in my own way, saying, "Please help me get good grades in this coming examination", or, "May my mother be well when I come back home".

Being such a young child as two years old or so, she was innocent, and I am sure that she would be allowed to live in the Kingdom of God. If I didn't lead an earnest church

life, I would not be able to live in the same Kingdom, would I? Before the incident occurred, I had been hard-headed, but I became Christian by it. Mr. Hidaka also became a devout Christian, whom I could never hold a candle, by an experience he had had. Leaving the place in the country, we moved close to this town. This enabled me to attend the church and I am very grateful. You know Mrs. Kawamorita, don't you, since she is still living?

A: Yes, I do.

****AT: Holding her baby in her arms, she came to my place by bus to console me, She read me the Bible, and sang hymns to me, who didn't know any of them. This is the hardest experience I've had in my life, and poverty would be nothing compared with this. I could never erase this off my memories. On the other hand, through this experience, I was taught happiness and thankfulness that I had never known before, and I think I should never make this vain experience.

Q: How many children did you have totally?

****AT: I had five of them, including that deceased child. After she died, another child was born, who is now 38 years old and has two children.

Q: At that time, did you have two children?

****AT: No, I already had four of them then, and the youngest was

the one...

Q: Who died?

****AT: Yes, the youngest was the one who was suddenly missing.

Q: Didn't you have another baby after that?

****AT: Yes, I did. Two years later, just before I was getting baptized, I had a baby.

Q: So you had four children again?

****AT: Yes, that's right. I had had one boy and three girls, then I lost a girl and a boy was born after that. So, I have two boys and two girls now. This boy eased my grief, and friends told me that he was born for the late girl. I could never give her up unless I believed what they said. Anyway, this is the hardest experience my husband and I have had.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, you left the Julians and...?

***AU: And we came to Seattle.

Q: When was it?

***AU: We had stayed over there for one year and a half before we came here. Since I havn't kept record...

Q: That's all right. Then did your husband start a restaurant?

***AU: No, he started a hotel business. When the depression came and our bank went bankrupt, he really worked hard day and night. Maybe that's why he had consumption.

Q: What was the name of the hotel?

***AU: It was the "Klan Hotel".

Q: What did you do with the hotel when he became ill?

***AU: I ran the hotel for myself while he was in the hospital.

****AT: Rev. Kawamorita once said that Mrs. Uomoto was quite a woman. She managed it while having children.

***AU: I thought then, "How tough it is to be a man!"

Q: Why?

***AU: When my husband died and I had to run the hotel for myself, I experienced a very hard time, feeling as if I was carrying a heavy burden on my back. "How hard it is to live as a man! He has to live to support his whole family. What a heavy responsibility to carry!", I thought. For the first time in my life, I realized the reality of being a man, and thought that I had to bring up my four boys strong by all means.

Q: Did he pass away?

***AU: He lived to be 83 years old.

Q: I see. But, you had to run the hotel when he became ill, didn't you?

***AU: Yes, I did little by little.

Q: How many rooms were there in the hotel?

***AU: There were 46 rooms then.

Q: That's quite a big hotel, wasn't it? Did you do it for yourself?

***AU: Yes, I did. I had to do it for myself because of the depression.

**AH: You worked at a cafe, too, didn't you?

***AU: Yes, when my husband was sick, I sold the hotel thinking that he would get well without going to the hospital if I sold the hotel and took care of him. We spent all the money, and there was no other way for me than going to a restaurant to wash dishes. The money I got by dishwashing was very small, then I saw an advertisement in a newspaper looking for a chambermaid, which happened to be put in by Mr. Otoshi. Since they were paying high, I went to the place to get the job. Mr. Otoshi was a person who didn't talk so smooth, and was rather poor at talking. While he was taking time trying to tell me he would hire me, Mrs. Otoshi said to me, "All right, come here to work". So I went back to the restaurant and explained to the boss, "I am going to work at another place since they pay good money, so please look for somebody else." Then he said, "I'll pay as much as they pay you, so please stay here!" I had to go to Mr. Otoshi again to turn down his job offer. It was so hard for me to go over to him, who was kind enough to give me the job that I bought some apples to take to him to tell him that I was not coming. Oh, it was really hard! I worked at the restaurant dishwashing. I had two jobs then, and I was thinking, "If God cares for me, He would never take my life away. Even if I break down, He

will save me, therefore I should have no fear", and I worked at two places.

Q: You mean you worked at your hotel?

***AU: No, I worked at a restaurant. We had already sold our hotel and the money we got for that were all gone. I did dishwashing at the restaurant, and in the daytime I worked as a chambermaid.

Q: What was the name of the restaurant?

***AU: It was called "Casino Coffee", and a very interesting place. It was in a club. Inside the club there was a little restaurant, where I did dishwashing. Then the owner of the place was going back to Japan and asked me if I knew somebody who wanted to buy it. So, I asked him to offer the restaurant to me.

Q: You? Yourself?

***AU: Yes. But I didn't have such money. My son, George, who is now a pastor, said to me once when he was leaving for Alaska, "Mom, he tells you to buy this restaurant. If you buy this, you can make your living. But we don't have cash now. What should we do, since nobody has such money to lend us?" So, he went to the owner and asked him to hand over the restaurant to me, and told him that he was going to pay the downpayment with his salary when he came back from Alaska. George didn't write a letter to me from Alaska, which made me worry what was happening to him.

I wondered if he was too depressed to come back. Finally he came back haggard. "What's the matter with you?", I asked him. "I worked really hard day and night, and look, Mom, I brought you such a big check!" This was God's blessing. Whenever I needed money, I got it in some way.

Q: How much did he bring to you?

***AU: Less than two hundred dollars. The restaurant being very small and dirty, we could get it with a small amount of money. You can imagine how it was, since we could pay the downpayment with the check. Thereafter, I became able to support my family. Then one day, George told me that he wanted to go to college. I said, "O.K., you want to go to college, and I want to send you there. Only we don't have money...let's pray". George prayed to God every morning that he wanted to go to college. I was saying, "You want to go to school. But, we don't have money. Since the first two conditions are satisfied out of three, the last one condition will lose some day". He went to a college for four years, with only one suit.

Q: Is Ted your...?

***AU: He is my third child. Being uneducated, I couldn't go out to preach Christianity to the others. I thought people would laugh at a person like me preaching. But, Rev. Kawamorita insisted on my going to preach. I said, "People will laugh at me..." "But it's the Lord's

mission", he said. Anyway, his words became a burden for me, so I thought, "I'm going to have my children do this".. and I told my four children to say prayers. I was too shy to say my prayers in public. I said to George, "I'll give you five cents, so say the Lord's Prayer". "You'll give me five cents? O.K., then I'll say it." Then the second child began to say, "Give me five cents too, and I'll say the prayer". Thus, the prayers became real things later.

Q: It's a new way, wasn't it?

***AU: I also made a condition that they could spend this five cents on anything they liked. I didn't tell them not to buy this or that or to put it in the savings. I told them that they could buy even ice-cream with it, since it was the reward. These prayers gradually became real prayers. Although I couldn't preach to the other people, I did it to my children. I have two grandchildren now, and both of them know the Old Testament and the New Testament completely, and taught me recently. One of them is working at an office where they help finding friends for those who came out of jail and those who were overdosed on drugs. He teaches me stories from the Old Testament so I was told, "Grandma, you are able to preach a sermon these days.

Q: Mr. Otoshi, what did you do after quitting the sawmill job?

*AO: In the end of 1929, I started a hotel business, and soon the depression came. Fortunately I was able to manage to go through it, and until three years ago I continued to run the hotel and apartments. Then they burnt down in a big fire three years ago, and I retired from the business since then.

Q: What was the name of the hotel?

*AO: I had the apartment on Seventh Avenue.

Q: How many rooms were there?

*AO: There were about 42 units. Once I used to sell and buy apartments, six or seven complexes. I used to have apartments at three different locations for a long time. Toward the end when I was dealing with fewer apartments, a building caught fire and twelve persons were killed. Since then the Fire Court of Seattle became very strict and the old hotel and apartments became unable to comply with the Court. I feel terribly sorry for the accident, but what could I do? Then a law suit of over two million dollars was brought up, but we settled the case out of court.

***AU: Mr. Otoshi, every misfortune you've met befell from outside didn't it? We once talked about this and thought it strange.

*AO: My tenants caused a fire two time. The first one wasn't a big fire, and nobody was injured although two units were burnt down severly. But, the fire started three

years ago, was just incredible. In less than one hour, maybe within thirty to forty minutes, everything including the hallway was completely burnt down and became unable to use it any more.

Q: How many years ago?

*AO: It was just three years ago, on April 25.

Q: Did you have a hard time during the depression time?

*AO: It was very severe from 1930 to 1935.

****AT: I was experienced a hard time then, both physically and mentally.

***AU: Quite a few people including white people committed suicide. I saw a few Issei picking up vegetables from garbage cans of a market at night.

**AH: I was operating a restaurant then. Around ten o'clock at night, when I was looking out of a window sitting by a counter after I closed the restaurant, a Japanese man came. I saw him eating some stuff from a garbage can.

***AU: Yes. Everybody didn't have money.

**AH: Japanese people didn't like to receive money or food, unlike today. Before the war, they would never do that. Consequently, they were leading quite a frugal life.

Q: But, they had to pick up food from garbage cans secretly at night, didn't they?

**AH: Yes, they did. There were some left-over meat in the garbage cans of a restaurant, wasn't there? They picked

that up. They put on the clothes or shirts picked up from hotel's garbage cans. I heard that Rev. Kawamorita used to take his food out on a porch secretly at night.

***AU: He was quite an unusual person, Rev. Kawamorita.

****AT: I heard that even he himself didn't receive a salary regularly. And, yet he shared his with other people.

*AO: When he received something from somebody, he didn't take all of it and shared it with those who were in need and took it to them.

***AU: Yes. Rev. Kawamorita was a fine person, and looked like a boss to us.

**AH: One day I took him for a ride. When we came back to Lincoln Park in the evening, he proposed, "Mr. Hidaka, let's take a break", and jumped into a river. "Oh, I feel good!" He took off his shoes and swam. Then, he sat down on the grass and seemed troubled. "What's the matter with you?" I said. Taking off his stocking, he started mending a hole with a needle. The hole was so big that his toes came out from it.

****AT: Yes. Mrs. Kawamorita also wore worn-out shoes and visited me in the country all the way by bus.

**AH: They sometimes wore an odd pair of shoes with different colors.

****AT: Yes, they wore dirty, worn-out shoes.

***AU: One day Rev. Kawamorita said to me, "Hello, hello, how

are you doing?" I wondered why he called me. Then he handed me five dollars in my hand. "What is he going to do if I take this money?" I hesitated, but I borrowed it anyway since I needed it. Ten years later, I returned that five dollars to him. I went all the way to San Francisco to see and thank him. I had prayed very hard that I could go to see him before he died, and I returned the five dollars to him. Yes, he was such a person.

****AT: At that time, we were in deep sorrow and so depressed that we used to cry a lot whenever we talked. But when he visited us, he blew our grief away with his broad laughter. "Well, learn hymns! Open your book at number so-and-so!" He sang us hymns in very loud voices like a drum, and we were consoled of our sorrows.

***AU: He was a rare person.

****AT: Then he told us a story from the Bible. He read to us and said, "Yours is nothing! It would be useless if you don't make a good use of it!" Yes, the priest really encouraged us.

Q: He was very good at the Hebrew language.

***AT: Unfortunately he passed away so young.

**AH: He passed away at the age of sixty-six.

A: It's a pity.

**AH: He deceased in our deep lament.

Q: How was the life of a common Issei at that time? There were quite a few unmarried people then, around 1920 and 1930, weren't there?

****AT: There weren't any unmarried Issei any more after the war.

Q: How about before the war?

**AH: If you went to the country, you might be able to find some unmarried Issei. Such as at a railroad company where single persons worked, you could find quite a few of them.

Q: But there weren't so many of them in an urban area, were there?

**AH: No, there weren't so many.

Q: They had already been married and settled, hadn't they?

**AH: Yes, they had, most of them.

Q: At that time, there were still a lot of amusement places, weren't there? Such as gambling places and restaurants.

**AH: When was it when gangsters infested? There were such people called Kinpachi in prewar days, weren't there?

*AO: Yes, there were.

Q: What is Kinpachi?

**AH: He is a boss in a gambling place, and like a gangster. There was a gambling place called Tohyoh Club, where those who had earned money in Alaska used to be cleaned out in one night. This Kinpachi whose name was Yamamoto

something, had a branch in Los Angeles.

***AU: Yes, he was called Yamamoto Kinpachi, so his family name should be Yamamoto.

**AH: In a magazine during the war, it was said that he had some connection with spys from Japan and FBI followed him like a shadow, so he went back to Japan in the early stage. Then he went to Manchuria. I imagine that he sought his fortune there again. He is now living in Japan, or did he die the other day?

*AO: He has passed away already, I think.

**AH: He may be deceased now. Anyway he was very well known in those days. There happened quite a few murders among gangsters fighting for parties and power. There were quite a few of them killed on streets. After the war, this kind of thing no longer happened.

Q: Did you experience rejection in this area before the war?

***AU: Yes, we did. You mean such rejection as we were not given a job, don't you?

****AT: They didn't give us a job and refused us visiting for studying if we were Japanese. Amazing enough, they employed us a lot after the war.

Q: What else do you remember of rejection? Was there anybody beaten?

***AU: There were quite a few people who couldn't get a job because of being Japanese, weren't there?

****AT: The incidents that people were beaten just because they were Japanese had decreased, hadn't they? Such barbarous things...

**AH: Yes.

***AU: There was no such incident that Japanese people were beaten.

****AT: The reason why we left the country farm and came here was that they stopped leasing land to Japanese. Before, they had leased us large amounts of land of the Indian Reservation, dozens of acres.

Q: When did it happen?

****AT: We came here in 1929, the severest depression time, not knowing how bad the situations were. That means the year they stopped leasing was around 1926 or 1927. So we had to quit farming. There was a big nursery of a white man named Mamill, close to where we used to live. My husband got the job there and worked as a nursery man for about three years. When he became able to start himself in business, we came here and started a nursery. That was the very time that the depression had just started.

***AU: There were even a lot of hotels that refused to rent a room to Japanese people. Even the hotel Mr. Kageyama is now running, never leased to Japanese people before.

**AH: Yes. The mood was bad for a while after the war, wasn't it?

***AU: I was told that they would lease to no Japanese when I went there.

****AT: There was one thing that I was struck with admiration, though. I came back here again after the three-year camping life when the war ended. Everybody was afraid and cautious that people might throw stones to us since we lost the war. On the contrary, the next day when we came back home, our neighbors visited us, saying, "Oh, Tomita! How nice you came back. Welcome, welcome!", and hugged and kissed to each of us. They gave a dollar to each one of my family members from old to young. I thought then, how innocent and beautiful hearted the white people were. We, the Japanese lost the war miserably, didn't we? There still were some places where people were saying "Remember Pearl Harbor!", while our neighbors in the country were very nice to us. It's embarassing, but we took the money since there was no way to refuse it.

Q: How did you feel when the Pearl Harbor was attacked?

***AU: My husband was reading a newspaper while my four children were in the parlor. Then my husband cried out, "It broke out! At last!" "What happened?", I asked. "At last Japan began a war!" Hearing this, four of our children silently went to their room, because they were thinking themselves Americans. My husband, seeing this, said for the first time, "They are indeed Americans, aren't they?" Then we were put in a relocation camp. Before that, the government

called for volunteers. My second son, being very strong willed, said, "I would not enter the camp. The government says that we don't have to enter it if we go someplace else." He favored only to the government. "You are put in a camp by the government, while I can go to anywhere I like". He left us and went someplace. He told us that he was going to Montana to work on railroads. My eldest son, George said, "I will go where you go, and see what it looks like". We moved, then I received a letter from the second son that he was going to volunteer. I said, "You don't have to volunteer, because sooner or later you would be conscripted. When you lost your arm or leg volunteering, people would sympathize in you for a while, but it would be only you that has a hard time twenty or thirty years later. So just wait until you are conscripted, since there is no way to escape from it." I talked to George and said, "George, he wrote me this, what shall I do?" He said, "He will go anyway...it would be all right, wouldn't it mom? Let him go." "For what are you volunteering?", I asked. "If we didn't volunteer, what would happen to the following new generation while you are put in a camp?" Hearing this, George said, "Mom, he would not change his mind". Then I asked a person named Kumyo to write a letter in English for me, and said in the letter, "What would you do when you lost your arm

or leg and were forgotten by people?" He answered, "I don't think that God would give me up, therefore, I'll go, whatever you tell me", and at last he volunteered. George, then said, "Let me go to a theological school and I can get out of this place". He went to Texas and entered a theological school in Dallas.

Q: How did you think when the Pearl Harbor was attacked?

**AH: As I mentioned earlier, I got a little bit better from the illness in 1938, I started a job of door-to-door salesman, selling pressure cookers--pans you don't have to put water in when you cook. Working as a door-to-door salesman was quite tough. It was all right when goods were sold well, but nothing was more depressing than this job when you couldn't sell the goods well. When you couldn't have customers buy merchandise, you got depressed. When you were depressed, customers could notice it. Yes, it was a very hard job. I did a demonstration of using the cooker in the daytime here and there. I bought groceries, took them with me by car, cooked them in the cooker, served the food to everybody, gave a lecture about health and how to use the cooker, washed it clean after the demonstration, and wrapped it to take home. From the following day, I started to visit to sell to the people who had come to my demonstration and made an appointment. There were 45 sample cookers made of iron to carry at one time. And, I, who had just recovered

from T.B., had to climb up high steps to a house or a hotel sometimes to visit a customer. I encouraged myself to take cookers to the people to show. I was happy when they bought them. They also said, "I'll think about it," or "I already have a lot of pans", after praising the food I cooked with the cooker, using groceries I had bought. It was too hard. I even went to Yakima, Long View, and Portland by Greyhound Bus. My wife was hard on my job saying, "You don't have to go so far, do you? Since you don't have such money..." When I went to Yakima, all my money was gone and I had a cold sweat. In Yakima, the headlights of my car were broken. It was already in the evening, and I couldn't use the car. I paid fifty cents and parked it in a garage. I worked there for three days only in the daytime. During the stay, my fund reached a low level. I was staying in a hotel, but I could pay this off when I checked out and no problems. But I had to buy meat and vegetables for the demonstration, also I had to eat. I became unable to eat at restaurants. My wife always told me angrily not to tell my miserable stories, but I don't care. I'm going to tell this. I bought a quart of ice cream and ate it in the hotel room. Being starved, whenever I ate the ice cream, my nose got almost frozen. But, I ate it all very hard. One time, I bought half a dozen of grapefruit and ate them. I sweat! When I was demonstrating,

I met a kind hotel owner, who sympathized in my trouble and gathered some wealthy people for me to do a demonstration of the cookers. I felt the demonstration very successful, but it was not. "A frying pan of so-and-so inches is given to you if you let me do a demonstration at your home", I said. This frying pan was being sold with a lid, but the lid was not to be given to her. "You have to buy the lid for three dollars and seventy-five cents". Then the lady said, Then I'll buy only this lid". I have her the pan anyway. Toward the end of the last demonstration, I prayed very hard at heart that they might buy a lot. I had to do payment to the hotel, and also buy gasoline to drive back from Yakima to Seattle. I prayed, "May this be successful." At that time, I was not a Christian yet, but I sold about 22 to 23 dollars worth.

***AU: By praying, you could be calm at heart, thus people felt like buying from you, didn't they?

**AH: Yes, I think so. I prayed hard, and got enough money to go back. I bought gasoline and drove back home. With these bitter experiences, I quit the job and started working for a hotel named "Public's Hotel", as a clerk, which one of my friends leased after coming back from a camp. He offered me the job working as a clerk in his hotel since I spoke good English. I was doing well with the new job, and fortunately the illness seemed to be

stabilized. My wife was working for a sack dealer where they put old sacks in order.

Q: What is "a sack dealer"?

**AH: There was a place where they gathered old sacks and bags. Both of us were working for our living. When the Pearl Harbor was attacked, news about the war were constantly reported. In one town, the white people organized a resistance group on a large scale. I thought, "We are in big trouble!", but didn't do anything particularly for it, just operating an elevator, receiving customers, and listening to the news. Around three o' clock, something came up to my throat suddenly. You feel itchy around your chest when you have a hemmorrhage of the lungs. I thought something was wrong with my body, then suddenly blood came up into my mouth. Since I could not cough out the blood of my mouth, I gulped down the blood. But, the blood came up into my throat again, no matter how I gulped it down. My heart was beating fast. No such time was more cruel to me than this time, thinking, "The war between America and Japan broke out, and we don't know what is going to happen to us in the future. Besides, how miserable it is that I became ill again." Being employed, I could not leave the work at once, besides my boss was out somewhere and was not coming back until evening. I tried to bear it as long as pos-

sible, but the blood was coming up to my mouth continously and I couldn't stand it any longer. I thought, "Whatever happens to me, I don't care". There was my old car parked in front of the hotel. I quietly got in it and rested, my body on the back seat leaving the work behind. I didn't know what happened after that. The evening came, and my wife, coming back from her work, found out that I was gone and looked for me in vain. Then she looked into the car and saw me in it. "What are you doing there?" "What am I doing in here? I was waiting for you to come back", I answered, but didn't tell her about my illness since it was my weakness. "Be quick and let's go home", she said. I started the car, drove it smoothly, tried not to bounce my body so that the blood might not come up, put it in a garage at home quietly, unbound the shoe strings without bending my body, dropped my shoes from my feet, put my sleeping wear and went into bed silently. My wife thought me very strange, because I went to bed without having dinner.

****AT: Rev. Takarabe, are you going to interview more? My husband is waiting for me with a disabled body, and I would like to have you excuse me. He had lost the use of his body and I have to help him lie down and get up.

A: Yes, of course.

*AO: When the Pearl Harbor was attacked and American military was saying that they had to defeat Japan, I thought that

it was not easy at all to defeat Japan, and that they couldn't make war with the huge Pacific Ocean in-between. It was the time when business was starting to look up, and I owned three places; two hotels, and one apartment. It was the time when I took my children to the Woodland Park that the extra was issued. A white man said, "Do you know that Japan attacked the Pearl Harbor?", and advised, "You Japanese people should be careful, or you may be in danger."

Q: Was he Japanese?

*AO: No. He was a white man. I took my children back home. I thought, "Since I am a tekkoku-gaijin, America has the right to confiscate all my property. I can't do anything can I? Well, whatever happens, I don't care!" There was no other way to think than this for me. Then newspapers began to report the evacuations. I thought I had to sell soon what I had and put my property in order. I sold two hotels and left the apartment there. It was impossible to forsee then whether or not selling the apartment would pay now or pay later, whether this would become my convenient home or not. I thought that life was like gambling anyway and that nobody could tell that this would pay or not. So, I left the place where I still had a long lease, untouched and entered a camp. Some said, "Sell it and go to the camp, because you won't be able to come back to Seattle again". Keeping the apartment,

there, I didn't have any hard time when I returned back from camp.

Q: Mrs. Tomita, you havn't talked yet about the time when Pearl Harbor was attacked, have you? How did you feel then?

****AT: How did I feel? Just surprised. The previous night from the very day of Sunday, that was on Saturday, there was a meeting of the association of our villege, Sunnydale, where around twenty-five families belonged.

Q: Was it around this area?

****AT: Yes, it was about ten miles away from here, and in the country. So quite a few people gathered in this meeting. At that time, the situation between America and Japan was threatening, wasn't it? One of them said, "What do you think? Will a war break out or not?" Then someone said, "Are you kidding? There would never be a war. America dares not break out a war", and we parted laughing. It was the very next day that the radio reported that news. We were so surprised! We were too shocked to speak a word. When I was weeding a field, neighbors came and said, "Stop it, stop it! It's no use to weed. A war had begun". When I read the Times, I found out that it was true. "I was shocked", were the only words to describe my feelings then. Just imagine that we'd laughed very hard the night before of the possibility of a war. Then prominent figures began to be arrested, one after the other.

My husband being a country farmer, it was good that he was not arrested. However, there was a Japanese language school built in our ranch, and we have somewhat to do with it. Thus, we were talking, "We could not give up ourselves at all if we were arrested because of this", and we were cowered with fear and trembled. Then an order not to go out farther than five miles and limitation of time were made, and we were forced to live very inconveniently. Every prominent figure of towns were taken away, and it was a frightening experience. Next, we began to hear the news saying, "That town was ordered to be evacuated, that place too". I felt so sorry for the families whose members were taken away, and I was very worried about what was going to happen to my children if we were arrested. A little later, in May, our place was also ordered to relocate, Issei and Nisei together. I was so relieved that I gave a sigh of relief. The reason was that it would have been horrible if they had separated us from children saying "Old people come this way, and the children that way". Parents and children were put together near Fresno. I felt, "Oh, how nice it is that I don't have to separate from my children!" In the camp life, I didn't have so many hard experiences. I think that it might be all right to experience such a thing once in my life, for it has become my memory to remember. In other words, they protected us and fed us

plenty of rationed food. It was sort of fun, although I felt so sorry for the Nisei when I thought of their future. For them, it was just the time to graduate high school and go to a higher, advanced school. Then this war broke out. However, later, they allowed them to go out of the camp.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, how about you?

***AU: Just before the war broke out, Rev. Kodairo, I, and some other people visited hospitals. Then the war broke out, and Rev. Kodairo had to stay home and could not go out anymore. There were some oranges for visitation left. I thought, "What should I do with this? Well, I will visit a hospital anyway since I was asked to keep it". So, I delivered that with a lady friend of mine, and also went to the hospital where my husband was. Mr. Shinkawa was also in the same hospital in Georgetown. The patients there seldom talked, although they used to greet us cheerfully "Hello, hello", before. After I left the place finishing delivering the fruit, Mr. Shinkawa said to my husband, "How strong Christian people are! They visited us in this war time!" I didn't intend to do so, I just thought I shouldn't leave the oranges to go rotten. But, he took it good. Quite a few white people who were George's friends came to us and said, "Don't worry! Never worry!" They even came all the way from the country. About seven or eight people came

to see us off when we were being sent to Hunt.

Q: Where?

***AU: We were put in the Hunt camp in Idaho.

*AO: It's also called Minidoka.

***AU: They said, "We would never do bad to you, so please go without worrying. Your places to come back will be secured." They really treated us warmly. I thought, "What a nice place America is!" I heard that they were all Christians. They were my son's friends and the elders and the pastor of them.

Q: Was George already a pastor then?

***AU: No, he wasn't yet. Miss Kaiza and Miss Ansam were the teachers of Sondesk, and George were taught by them with his friends. They so warmly protected us that we didn't feel frightened nor have a hard time at all. Everybody covered us with love.

Q: Where did you go to the Assembly Center?

*AO: We went to Pinedale.

Q: Everybody here went to Pinedale?

***AU: Yes.

Q: How about you, Mr. Hidaka?

**AH: I went to Portland. I stayed there from January 1941 to February 1946.

Q: You didn't have to go away?

**AH: No, I didn't, although my wife and children went there.

The life in the hospital was quite enjoyable. There was no boycott, and we were like brothers. I heard and read a news that the people in the relocation camps were saying that Japan would win the war. However, thinking of America's treating us politely in spite of the Japanese action at Pearl Harbor, thinking of their Christian people loving the men where they occupied, I strongly thought that they would not lose the war, and I always thought while I was in bed, that they would win.

****AT: Yes, indeed, this country is great, isn't it?

**AH: The people in the hospital took good care of me, and nobody mentioned a word of war. We, every race in the world, were good friends with one another there. I felt so grateful.

****AT: There came the car for me. I'm very sorry that I have to leave. If I were alone, I could stay even until midnight, but with an inactive person, I can't.

Q: I'll come back here again, so next time...

**AH: Hearing our talks, she found them interesting, so she hesitated to leave!

***AU: Yes, indeed. We remembered something, being Christians, we didn't have so many difficulties, did we? We didn't experience rejection during the war.

***AU: No, we didn't. Some said that they had experienced an awful time in the camp in Hunt and that they had protested against not serving decent meals to them. This didn't

happen to me.

**AH: The impression they had differed from people to people depending upon their state of mind. Some thanked and some got angry at the situation.

Q: So, everybody went to Pinedale...oh, Mrs. Tomita said that she had gone to Tanforan, didn't she?

***AU: Oh, she was living in the country at that time, so she went to a different camp from us.

Q: And you were living in the city?

***AU: Yes, we were.

Q: Oh, Mr. Hidaka, you were different, of course.

**AH: In 1944 or 1945, when Japan was at a disadvantage in the war and the fear of their retrieval attack to this land was gone, two officers came to the hospital, and told us that those Japanese who wanted to go out of that place for a while might do so with the permit they gave. Then one day, Rev. Murphy, a white missionary among Japanese people here, visited us and took me and another Nisei fishing for a whole day. They issued us a pass for going out, before then, we could never go out anywhere. It was about two years after the war had broken out, that a few ladies from Washington University visited us. The university was going to establish a Japanese Language Department and they came to seek the person in the hospital who could teach Japanese. I don't know if they found one or not. They also had an interview with me,

but I was not qualified because I didn't have enough educational background.

The restrictions upon us began to be eased when it was clear that Japan could never win the war, and I was very glad to know that the day of my leaving the hospital was approaching soon.

Q: How long have you been in Pinedale?

*AO: We entered in May and left there about two months later in July or so. Therefore, we stayed there for two months or so.

Q: How was the living in Pinedale?

***AU: It was awful to me. I was put in a barn because they didn't have enough space. The floor was concrete and I became asthmatic. So I asked them to change the room, but they answered that they had to discuss about this with the officials in Washington D.C. before changing the room. So, I couldn't have my room changed. A Nisei asked them, saying, "You don't have to go to Washington D.C.. The room is here, so please change the room". They were never flexible.

Q: What do you remember about Pinedale?

*AO: In the first meal there, I guess cooks were not sure how much they should've served and they served us very little. When we came back from the dinner, one of my friends said, "We have to be very careful not to move extra nor walk extra by counting steps so that we won't waste our energy

or we would not be able to last until the end of the war!" But the conditions got better little by little. Then we were removed to another place. At that time, they leveled the ground by bulldozers and built the camp there where the ground was covered with dust of sand-like red burnt soil. Thus when we had a little tornado or a storm, we couldn't see anything with the dust. The first summer was the worst. Sometimes when we had to stand in line for the mess hall while a strong wind was blowing, some women were crying that they had come to a hell to have awful times. Later on, the ground's condition became better little by little and the dust wasn't stirred up so much anymore. We grew wheat there to make the ground undusty, and they were therefore not for food.

Q: Was it in Pinedale?

*AO: No, it wasn't.

Q: In Minidoka?

*AO: Yes, it was. In the camp, we couldn't earn money. Although we could get sixteen dollars a month if we worked, but this small money would not be the money to call profit. Realizing that it was impossible to make a profit there, people seemed to be able to be disinterested and easygoing. Government fed us. The old men who liked Shogi played shogi and those who liked to play Go played go. Softball and baseball teams were organized and played tournaments.

People began to play to have fun, and I felt it a very good thing. In Pinedale, too, we could do what we liked. Some people did sumo and showed us, so some old men were so happy to watch it saying, "There is no paradise like this!"

Q: They showed you sumo?

*AO: Yes, they did. In the daytime, we could enjoy go. Moreover, meals were served us and we didn't have to cook. Some were saying it good.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, what kind of things do you remember when you were in the camp?

***AU: I worked in the mess hall doing dish-washing. That's all. Since my fourth son entered the camp when he was a junior of high school, I wanted him to graduate from high school by all means. So I went out to Ogden to get a job. I asked if my son could enter a high school there when I got a job. "They answered, "Yes, he could", so I got a job in a motel, arranged almost everything, and came back to the camp to find out that the fourth son was conscripted. I gave up the job and returned to the camp. Toward the end of the war, Miss Kaizer promised me to get me out of the camp earlier since my husband was in a hospital, and I got out of the camp before the end of the war. We bought a small hotel of 24 to 25 rooms, The Bosten Hotel, from a White man. The war ended when we were there. At that moment, Americans gave shouts

of joy, "Hurrah!". Hearing this, I had a strange feeling--"Even how happy those people are now to win the war, I am not happy. I am not sad, either, that Japan lost the war. What a weird person I have become!" I didn't feel happy nor sad, and I felt, "I may not have my home country now except the Kingdom of the God."

Q: What happened to Ted in the camp?

***AU: Ted was working as a coal carrier in the camp. He had arranged to enter the Pullman College before he entered the camp. While he was carrying coals, though, playing with girls and boys in the camp, he lost his interest to go to college. He said, "I don't have a will to go to college any more". "Is that so? Are you going to stay in this camp carrying coals? Then you don't have to stay in my room any more do you? You can leave now, can't you?" I answered. After thinking about this problem for a while, he changed his mind again and decided to attend the college, saying, "I'm going to the college since I have received a letter from them", and he left. Then I received a letter from him just after he had left the camp, saying, "Mom, you were right. Hearing my foot steps of "Kaan, Kaan" echoing in the corridor of this college, I keenly felt that I finally became a college student. And, this was better than carrying coals. Yes, mom, you were right!"

Q: What college did he go?

***AU: He went to Pullman College.

Q: Then he went back to this area again?

***AU: No, he directly went to the college from the camp.

Q: Pullman is located here, isn't it?

**AH: It is in eastern Washington.

Q: So he was able to come back to Pullman, wasn't he?

*AO: It was after the permission of going out of the camp had been given to us, I guess.

Q: Is it correct? After you were allowed to go out?

***AU: Yes, it was.

Q: When was it then?

***AU: He entered the camp once when he was unable to attend school any more. Before that, he had already arranged everything to attend the college.

Q: When did he go to the college?

***AU: It was during the war.

*AO: It was during the war in 1945 that I returned back here, and I was one of the first Japanese returned from camp. I had been putting a White man in as a manager of my apartments, and the realty company which I was cooperating with wrote to me, "The manager wants to quit the job. Since you are already allowed to come back to work, it is very hard to find a man to work temporarily, unless the job would be permanent. Therefore, why don't you come back now?" We were permitted to return from the camp since January, 1945. It was in the middle of

February or in March that I left the camp. The people in the camp said to me, "It's really dangerous! You are reckless, aren't you?" There were 48 units in the apartments and some people who had been living before I left for the camp advised me, saying, "It's all right, but you better watch out for the people outside, because the air against Japanese is still hot". In Kent, a group named "Pearl Harbor League" had been organized, and I don't know how they knew that I was coming back, but when I came back there, I found a big sticker on the front door saying, "We want no Japs here, you hear!" I tore off the sticker from the door, but the next morning another one was put on the door, so I tore it off again. This was repeated for four to five days. I imagine that they came secretly in the middle of the night to put it on. Then they stopped it.

Q: There occurred a military service problem in the camp, didn't there?

***AU: Yes, and quite a few quarrels between parents and children occurred. They enlisted volunteers, so parents strongly opposed to this saying, "They'll send Japanese volunteers to the war separately from the others and the Japanese volunteers are to be killed." In our camp, I saw a lot of quarrels. A man who had four children volunteered, and people laughed at him, saying, "Why do you volunteer,

who has as many as four children?" Then his wife answered, "My husband is volunteering for his four children."

Q: Oh, their father volunteered? Was he Issei?

***AU: No, he was a Nisei. His children were still very little. Everybody laughed at him, but his wife told that her husband was going to the war for his four children. This husband said, "If I go and die, a way would be opened to the rest of our people. If Nisei didn't go to war, a road for Issei and the following generation would not be opened. Let the people laugh if they want to", and he left for camp.

Q: How did you think about this problem?

***AU: When my children were growing up, I thought about this problem in the following way. In Japan, during the Meiji Restoration on its way to restore the Emperor's status, some parents and children became enemies with each other; parents for Tokugawa Shognate, and children for the Emperor. Since Japan got settled down through the fight between parents and children, I thought that it would be good after all for my children to go to the war in order to be loyal to America. After contradicting their parents, everything will be settled down right, I thought. I heard that a lot of parents and children fought each other during the Restoration because of a difference of opinion, and Japan was settled afterwards because of the

fights. Thinking of this, I thought I had to let my son go.

Q: Was that because your second son...

***AU: Yes, he told me that he wanted to volunteer. So I said, "All right, go. When you are fighting and the enemy falls down asking for water, please give him water even if he is an enemy to you." When he returned from the battle, he said, "I couldn't do that Mama. I Couldn't do such a stupid thing over there!", because I had asked him if he had given some water to enemies. "No, no! We stepped on them to go on." One time I sent him beans and garlic since I was working picking up the beans, and wrote, "Bury these somewhere in the battle-field, and the next year they will come into bud and there might be somebody who could eat them." So, I also asked him if he had buried them in the ground. "Don't be silly! In Italy we stole a chicken and cooked stew with them. Mom, war is not such an easy thing", he said, "it will take my whole life to forget this war. It was cruel, mom. You can never plant beans and wait to see them bud". He twisted the neck of the chicken, cooked stew with it and beans and garlic in his helmet, and treated his friend to the dinner. So, I asked, "Then they were not useless anyway, weren't they?"

*AO: It might be better, making his friends happy...

***AU: Thus we sometimes run into some funny things, don't we?

Q: Mr. Otoshi, how many children did you have then?

*AO: I had three children then, and they were little.

Q: Is that so? Therefore you didn't have anything to do with the problem of military service, did you?

*AO: No, I didn't, since the eldest child was around eleven years old.

Q: Then, have you thought that they would tell you that they would volunteer? When they became to a qualified age?

*AO: No, at that time, I didn't think of their volunteering or not. However, I felt that they didn't have any responsibility to volunteer, because they, Nisei, in spite of having citizenship, were put in the relocation camp as well as Issei. I also thought that those Nisei who were volunteering would not feel good either having to point their gun to Japan and that they were carrying out their thought.

Q: How about you, Mr. Hidaka? Did you already have children?

**AH: I had only one daughter then, and she was at the age of four. Therefore, there was no problem.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, where was your husband when you entered the camp?

***AU: He was in a hospital.

Q: Where was it?

***AU: It was in Georgetown.

*AO: There used to be two T.B. Centers around here, then the one in Georgetown was closed when the war began, and all the patients moved here.

Q: To the sanatorium in Farland?

**AH: Yes, they gathered us together.

Q: Then did you see him there in Farland?

**AH: No, we didn't get together.

***AU: My husband didn't go to Farland. He stayed only in Georgetown.

*QO: Did he get well there and go out of the place?

***AU: Yes, he did.

*QO: A cousin of my wife named Shinkawa was removed to Farland from Georgetown.

Q: Did people say anything to you when your son volunteered?

***AU: Yes, they did. Some said, "Surely your son cannot volunteer, can he?" "Yes he did", I answered. "Oh my goodness!. Indeed!" I didn't speak any more afterwards.

Q: In Tule Lake, there were quite a few radical people, and they called the volunteering person "a pig". Was there anything like that in your camp?

*AO: It was not as bad as in Tule Lake, but so called "Nippon-To (Japan League)" spoke very ill of the parents of volunteers and horrible things to those who volunteered. After coming out of the camp when the war was over, some Issei who had had hard experiences from them held a grudge against them for the rest of their lives.

Q: What kind of work did you do in the camp?

*AO: I went to school to make cabinets as a carpenter. However, I seldom had a chance to make a cabinet and was building chicken houses most of the time in junior high schools.

Q: How was the every day life in Farland?

**AH: For the first six months, they made me eat and sleep. Although it was wartime, they served fine meals. I had been unable to get meat or butter before entering the hospital, but I was served ham, and some snacks. A glass of milk was given to me when I went to bed. It was in January that I entered the place, but a few months after, I gained so much weight, from 111 pounds to 180 pounds. For four to five months, I kept gaining weight rapidly; nine to ten pounds a month. Every month they brought a scale with wheels, and we stepped on it to weigh. Some didn't gain, and some lost weight. Those who gained weight were in great joy. Nobody couldn't be happy when he gained ten pounds or so. Of course just gaining weight is not good. Looking at myself when I was taking a bath, I was like a monster with a big stomach hanging out. For the first four months, they gave me a sponge bath, and I had to keep complete rest and wasn't allowed to go out of bed. In the morning they brought warm water for me to wash my face. After I washed my face and brushed my teeth, a breakfast was

served. After that, every window was opened at the same time no matter how the weather was, snowy or stormy, and even the bed spreads fluttered. We sat on a bed pan to discharge into it, although it is a dirty story to tell. Some were sleeping in a room, and some on a porch. They put beds side by side on the porch. It was really cold in the middle of winter time, when it was so windy that bed spreads fluttered, to stay outside. Once it was so cold that I put newspapers under the sheets and slept making a rustling noise. At that time, I was not allowed to talk to anybody, and I had to put a napkin on my mouth when I spoke to nurses so that I would not infect them with the virus I had. I was doing very well, and gained seven pounds for the first one month. There was a man named Suzuki in my next bed, who didn't gain weight at all. I cheered him up telling him various things, however his weight didn't increase at all. In my case, I continued to gain weight. Six months later, I was permitted to get out of bed to go to the bathroom. I was really happy when I was told to take a bath, since I hadn't taken a bath for quite a long time. However, I got drunk by the bath. Dirt came off from my skin one after another. Then I began to feel dizzy. Since I had locked the door of the bathroom, I couldn't yell for help. I said to myself, "Good heavens!

I shouldn't fall down in this room. I have to pull myself together." I wiped myself very hard, knocked on the door, and asked to get me out at once. Then they made me take a walk here and there. When we got quite well, we were permitted to do what we liked. The first thing I did was to do a barber's work, given a white coat. People thought me a doctor, since I was fat and wore a white coat. Also my name Hidaka sounded like "Hi, doc!" Seeing me doing a good job in hair-cutting, people asked me to do it ignoring the other barbers. Especially the Black people liked by job on them. But, it is so hard to do a hair-cut on them, because the hair was bunchy. The more I combed with a brush, the funnier the hair-style of theirs became. Moreover, I had to do the job to the people who were in bed.
At that time, of course, I could take a walk. Then they permitted us to work. Some worked as a janitor and got some money. It was also good for the body to do physical labor. Knowing a bit of painting, I put my pictures on a magazine named "PEP".

Q: Where was the magazine being published?

**AH: In the hospital in Farland. "Patience, Endurance, and Perserverance" was the exact name of the magazine, and I have been the editor and used a method of linoleum cut for one year. I also helped printing them. At the end, I worked as a janitor. At meal time, I carried

meal carts lifted up by an elevator to sickrooms so that nurses could pass out, and carried them back after they were done. I did mopping too. This was how I led a life there. In the next stage, doctor gave me a "town leave" to permit me to go downtown. There were church services in the hospital, and pastors from various places came. Catholic priests as well as Protestant priests came to give a service. Since no Japanese were living around the area, Miss Kaiser mentioned before, Mr. Murphy; Froid Simoe, a pro-Japanese and a professor at Washington University with his wife; A.D. Boomas, a white man who liked Japanese a lot; Mrs. Taylor, a lady from Pentecost.; and some other friends visited me one after another very often. They gave me what I needed and kept in touch with the people outside for me. Also, it was very enjoyable to talk with them.

Q: Were you able to communicate with your wife by letters or so?

**AH: Yes, I was. That was good indeed. Some said that it was much better that I stayed in the hospital than entering a camp.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, were you able to write to your husband?

***AU: Yes, I wrote him often. When I sent a letter to him, telling that George had gone to the theological school in Texas, he answered me being upset. He said in his letter,

"Do you really know how it is to be a priest? If I had been there, I wouldn't have let him go. You don't know how it is to be a priest, do you? In my family line, there were no such persons in the past who had served God. It was very thoughtless of you to let him go to the school with little thinking." He got really angry at me and said disappointedly, "He is not worth becoming a priest. If I had been there, I wouldn't have let him go." So I wrote to George telling what my husband had told. He was, at first, going to attend the school for only one year, but he stayed there even two years, and then three years passed. "I prayed and prayed, but there is no job given to me except being a pastor. Please tell my papa so." My husband said, "Even if he became a priest, he would not be able to carry it through. A person who quit being a priest because he couldn't carry it through is just like rotten salt--there is no way to make use of it. What a braggart!", and he was very disappointed. The fathers of other priests-to-be were disappointed because their son's salary would be low, while my husband said, "It doesn't matter at all whether the salary is low or high. The only problem is that the job is too high for him. What kind of thinking made him become a priest?" Some fathers of priests complained that the salary was very low, but my husband didn't. He just said, "It was a little bit thoughtless

of him that he decided to be such a high job without considering it", and got angry.

Q: When did you go out of the camp?

***AU: It was before the end of the war, about half a year before.

Q: Then where did you go?

***AU: There was a White acquaintance of 27 or 28 years of age, who owned a hotel on West Avenue. He said, "Won't you buy this hotel?" But, I didn't have such money. "You can pay it off little by little. I'll sell it to you." So I bought the hotel at once and waited for my husband to return there.

Q: What was the name of the hotel?

***AU: It was The Boston Hotel.

Q: How big was it?

***AU: There were 28 units.

Q: Did you run it for yourself?

***AU: Yes, I did, since I was used to that kind of thing. Otherwise I didn't have any place to go out of the camp to live in since it was still in the war time.

Q: You ran the hotel yourself. It must be hard. How long have you done that?

***AU: I have run it for about four years.

Q: And then? Was it a place where sailors came? Were they rough?

***AU: Yes, they were indeed. They brought women with them, and

when the women treated them a little bit unkindly, they cut a line of a telephone and left. Surely they were bad, drinking. I wished I could have quit, but it was impossible. A man named Sam who was helping me in the hotel said one day, "I'll get crazy if I stay here any longer. Mama, leave this place if you could. I'm going to get a job someplace else", and he quit. But, there was no way left for me, I kept running the hotel for a while. Since my children were angry, I sold the hotel to Mr. Fujitomi, a waiter, at 1,000 dollars. When I paid laundry and electricity with the money, I was left only with some money to move. However, my children were very happy for that, and said, "We are glad, mama. It would be awful if we had to stay there."

**AH: What happened to the hotel? Does it still exist now?

***AU: No, it doesn't. A boiler was burnt, and an inspector made it closed.

Q: Which hotel are you talking about?

***AU: I'm talking about "The Grand Pacific Hotel". The person who bought it later was Mr. Yatsusaki. It was no problem for him since he was very good at handling people, even drunk men. However, the thing to get up steam got broken.

**AH: There was no water in it, I suppose.

Q: What happened to you then?

***AU: Well, it is embarassing to tell, but I bought another small hotel. It was in the Pipe Market. I have run this hotel for ten years and even more, thus the building got so old that the city government required us to repair it. I had to stop the business if we would not repair it. So I left the hotel and that's the end.

Q: And you retired afterwards, didn't you?

***AU: Yes, I did.

*AO: She is a great woman.

A: Yes, indeed. Just great!

*AO: Mr. Nishimura, a millionaire, was also deeply impressed by her, and said, "Prayers to God do work, don't they?"

***AU: This gentleman who earned a million dollars often teases Christians, and said, "Oh, it's great that you've done this! Surely prayers to God worked, don't you think so?"

Q: How about you? You came back from the camp and bought apartments, didn't you?

*AO: No, I had left my apartments there.

Q: Oh, yes. And then?

*AO: I continued the apartment business. Then I bought a hotel, later I got one more hotel, and was doing business at three places. One day a manager of one place asked me to spare him the place, so I offered it to him. The

apartments on 7th Avenue which caught fire were the ones that I bought everything, including the land for the first time. Before that, I had not been able to buy land or buildings with my own name, and I had taken them on a lease. Then I sold the other hotel to the manager. The larger apartments were taken of its lease in advance by judosha, before my lease period expired. So, I sold the place to him and gathered my business in one place. Then the place was burnt down in a fire and I retired.

Q: Is that so? Then you're not doing any business now, are you?

*AO: No, I'm not.

Q: Mr. Hidaka, what did you do?

**AH: All my stories are related with my illness. My wife came back from the camp in the fall of 1945. Since we didn't have a place to live in, we set a cabin-tent at Mr. Froid Simoe's place who was pro-Japanese, and have lived there for a while. Having just recovered from illness and unable to do physical labor, I thought that it might be a good idea to study paintings at school. There was a way that the State Government was sending us to a rehabilitation school, and I decided to go to the school. We were living in the cabin, but the school was located in Lake City which was quite far away from

where we were. Because there were not so many Japanese people living around our place, we had to move over to the city. The State found an apartment for us is Esterley, and three of us moved in it at twenty-three dollars a month. We received welfare money of ninety-three dollars a month from the State and made our living with it. I entered a college and majored in Commercial Art. While I was studying, I was also making money with my pictures through freelance. Then the Public Housing said, "We are going to raise the rent since you have some income. That's all right, but you have to go someplace else if you have any amount of income. We'll give you time of six months, so find another place within the period." I estimated that I might be able to live in one of the units free if I got a duplex or fourplex which tenants would pay me rent instead of living in a place where I had to pay rent. I looked around for such a place, but money is the first consideration. I, who was receiving welfare money was unable to pay the downpayment. Even when I found a good one, I couldn't get it. I had to just look. I looked around for houses, but it was also impossible for me to get. I was troubled with this problem a lot. My parents, at that time, were still young, around 60 years of age, and told me that they were going to Alaska to earn

money to help me. They went to Alaska and worked at a restaurant in Anchorage. They were going to be paid well, and said to me, "If you want to start some business, we will lend you some money." When they left, I went to the airport to see them off. There, my mother secretly said to me, "I can't stand to see you in such miserable appearance in spite of being an eldest son, though you are ill. You can't get well from an illness which is supposed to be overcome, if you are financially poor. Although we are old, we are going because of your brothers and sisters and also because the others don't like us unable to save your life." They seemed to have saved some money. I was still looking for a house here and there, but it seemed to be very difficult to find a proper one. If it was good, it cost too much. One night, having difficulty in falling asleep, I began to think this and that, and thought of an idea of starting a hotel business, since I saw a lot of people doing this business successfully. I thought, "All right, I'm going to take a look at classified section of newspapers. If there are some hotels being sold, I'll go and look at them." Although I didn't have any money, I decided to look for them. There was a hotel to lease at 12,000 dollars. I went to a broker named Mr. Matsuoka, and he said to me, "Let's go over there, and I'll show you

the hotel." Before that I also went to a White broker to ask for it. He said, "Are you a Japanese?" "Yes, I am." "I don't trust Japanese." Although he didn't use the word, "Jap", he said, "I don't trust your country. What you have done were all lies, so I don't want to touch with your people." He did tell me such awful things. "Well, I see what you mean, but since you are doing this business, you don't mind showing it to me, do you? If I brought you the money, you wouldn't mind selling it to me, would you?" "No, that's the problem. If I showed you the hotel, you would go to a Japanese broker and buy it through him, instead of buying it from me. I have experienced this kind of thing before. That's why I don't trust your people", he said fiercely. "You can't do business saying things like that. You don't have to show it to me, but tell me approximately where it is, on what block it is, and I'll go myself. If I like it, I might buy it." "No, no. Even if you would guess so, you would go to a Japanese broker anyway", he was so doubtful that there was no talking going on between us. He said, "First of all, bring the downpayment of 6,000 dollars here and put it in front of my eyes, and then I'll talk about it." "That's not the way business should be. We bring money after we saw the thing and decided to get it. Nobody would bring you the downpayment

money before seeing the thing." We quarrelled. Of course, I didn't have such money, but I gave a bluster to him, saying, "If you don't want to sell it so much, I'll go to someplace else." Then I went to Mr. Matsuoka. He said that he had a moderate one in his mind, and took me to the place. I liked it, so I told him on our way back, that I would buy the hotel when I got the money, and promised him to get it. I didn't have such money, but I had two persons in mind who would lend me the money; my parents and a friend of mine, so I promised him although it may sound risky to you. I had my wife offer her secret savings to make a deposit on the hotel. We didn't have the money to pay the rent of the first month so we went to the broker, Mr. Matsuoka and borrowed 400 dollars on condition that I would return it in ten days. My friend lent me 2,000 dollars and my parents 4,000 dollars. Thus, I leased the hotel with the money, and this was the start of my hotel business. Since it was very dangerous for me who had no experience and especially has recently recovered from illness to have to wallpaper, paint, and trim the hotel, a question was raised; "What in the world are you going to do if you had a relapse and had to go back to the hospital." Even Rev. Wada, a pastor of the Baptist Church, came all the way to see me and said, "Mr. Hidaka, you'd better stop

this." My parents were worried and said, "Forget the deposit. We'll pay it for you. So, stop it." When I was in this trouble, I experienced something great, and I was braced up. "Dare me! I'm going to fight a last-ditch battle. It's no good any longer to keep telling myself that I'm sick and weak." I was given such great strength that I even trembled. Thus, I got the hotel. Then the White broker came to see me and told me that he was going to sue me. According to him, the hotel I got was the very one he had wanted to sell me. He said, "In spite of all what you said, you went to a Japanese broker and got it from him!" I said, "I don't mind if you sue me, because you didn't tell me where it was. That's none of my business." He didn't take any action later. It was in 1948 that I started the place. Then I leased here and there. In 1952, I bought a ragged hotel including its land in West Seattle, and operated it for ten years or so. Then the City bought the place from me since they were widening streets. The City paid me in cash, so I bought two apartment complexes on the same block standing between an alley. Last year, one of them was purchased. This year shall be the eleventh year for the apartments. Fortunately, thank to God, I didn't have to go to the hospital between now and then. The richest thing I've learned is that I was led by Church.

Q: What did you mean when you said you had been encouraged and been given strength?

**AH: They were a David's song in Psalm and Chapter 17 of Isaiah, which I should know by heart. I was troubled and worried whether I should purchase the hotel or not. I was distressed, feeling it a shame that I was receiving welfare. It was the time that I was living with various distresses. My wife was bringing in some money every day, working as a housekeeper. This was during the time when I was remaining at home to recuperate myself. One day when I was having breakfast, I found a white clock on a wall in the kitchen which my daughter had brought from Sunday School. On it a picture of a few chicks playing in a small puddle was drawn, and a phrase was written in English; "The Lord will come down to earth to save us." It also said where this phrase came from. I'd never seen that before, and was deeply impressed. I took out the Bible and read in English, then I read a Japanese Bible. I found a lot of good things written in it. While I was reading it, tears flowed so much that they dropped into my rice bowl. But, I was able to eat breakfast. I was not sad. Tears ran out of my eyes rapidly like a stream, cries came out of my mouth like "Aaah--", and I could not stop them, even if I tried. I cried, cried, and cried. I thought, "This is really

strange." So, I read the Bible again. It told about a stream running where it used to be a waste land, a spring gushed out in the desert, a lame man became able to jump around like a lion, and so on. "Because of my sinful past life I am in such a miserable circumstance now. But God heals and saves us like He made a spring gush out and saffron bloom in the desert. He has something blessed that fulfills our future with hope and fill our ruined heart." I felt very grateful and cried very much. Strange enough, I was not sad and able to have breakfast. Finishing the meal, I carried the plates to a sink and washed them clean crying. I cried hard. It didn't stop. While I was reading the Bible in a parlor, I felt my body getting warm and trembling. I felt that I could gather strength. I cried at my heart, "Dare me! I can make it!" I stood up and trembled. This was how I gained strength, and also an unforgetable experience to me.

Q: What did your wife say to you?

**AH: I told her about this experience when she came home, and cried again. She trembled with fear and shock.

*AO: She might have feared that you'd gone crazy!

Q: Is that so?

**AH: I wrote a confession about this experience for the Church Federation organ on its sixtieth anniversary. From

this church, Mr. Seikyo and I were chosen to write a confession. We could write no more than one or two pages because of the limitation of the organ.

Q: Are you still operating hotels?

**AH: You mean apartments? I sold one complex last year, so I have one more left. The Fire Court became very strict to our apartment business concerning security. The other day I planned to put a sprinkle system and had them estimate the cost. Surprisingly, it would cost 12,000 dollars! I doubt if it is worth for me to put 12,000 dollars into the place, of course I can obtain that much money though. I'm already 70 years old. I thought it would be better for me to retire and travel somewhere. So, I am now seeking for a purchaser. Maybe I may find somebody who wants to buy it. I think I had better stop at the proper time, since the buildings are getting older and older, or I could come to the end of my tether.

Q: It's already 11 o'clock! I would like to hear some more though. Would everybody have one more word to add? Mr. Otoshi? Mrs. Uomoto?

***AU: About what shall I talk?

Q: What would you like to say to the Sansei?

***AU: To Sansei?

Q: As an Issei, what kind of things would you feel to instruct them?

***AU: Instructing? Then there would be nothing else for us, but to tell about God, since I am a Christian.

Q: If Issei could communicate with them, what would you like to tell them as a lesson of life since you have experienced various things through your life?

***AU: I often talk to my grandchildren, and say, "Each of us is given 24 hours a day from God. Think about what a difference would be made depending upon your way of using them", which may sound like second-hand words. I also say, "Who else can make this world better if Christians don't." That's all. I rather ask them than teach them.

Q: How about Mr. Hidaka? What would you like to tell Sansei?

**AH: Well...

Q: What would be important to life?

**AH: To life? It's quite difficult to answer. We can't recommend them what we have done, since circumstances are different now. It's a very difficult question.

Q: Well, it might be tough to answer it at once. Is it all right for you if we have Sansei and the people at school listen to this interview?

**AH: Yes.

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*Mr. Otoshi
**Mr. Hidaka
***Mrs. Uomoto
****Mrs. Tomita